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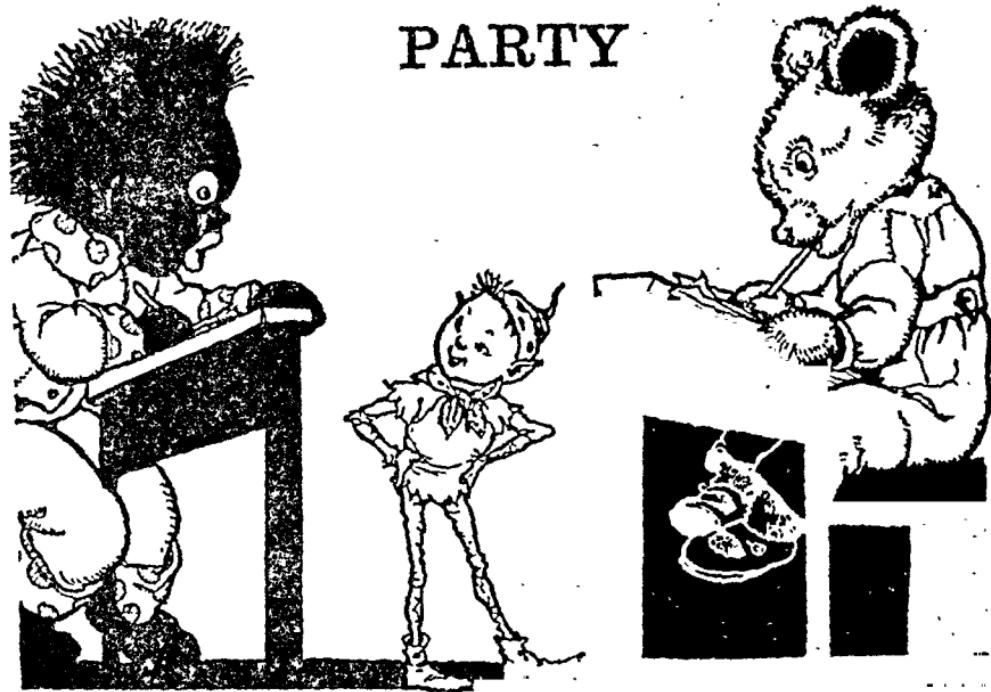
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SLEEPY TIME STORIES



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THE ELF'S BIRTHDAY PARTY



TICK-tock—tick-tock, went the clock in the nursery schoolroom, and Gollywog sat at his desk and wished very hard that he could do his sums.

Gollywog and Teddy Bear were the only two left in the schoolroom, for all the other toys had finished their lessons long ago and had gone out to play in the lovely sunshine.

“Oh dear,” said Gollywog, scratching his black woolly head. “Two and two *must* make five.”

“Don’t be silly,” growled Teddy Bear. “Two and two make six.” “Wrong, both of you,” called a voice. “Two and two make four, or rather, they have done so ever since I’ve been an elf.” And looking up from their lessons, Teddy Bear and Gollywog saw a very cheery-looking elf.

“Lessons are silly, anyway, on a lovely day like this,” said the little elf. “Why don’t you come to my birthday party first and do your sums afterwards? I’ll see that you get back in time to finish them.”

“Birthday party!” called out Gollywog and Teddy Bear together, jumping out of their



all started singing "Happy Birthday to You", they saw the little elf hurrying towards the table with Teddy Bear and Gollywog they all the other elves were there, too, and when

all to himself.

under the oak tree with a large plate of buns table, for his trunk got in the way, so he sat from the nursery who wasn't sitting up to the nursery toys. Elphabunt was the only toy with all sorts of good things to eat were all eyes, for sitting round a large table covered the oak tree they could hardly believe their games and prizes afterwards.

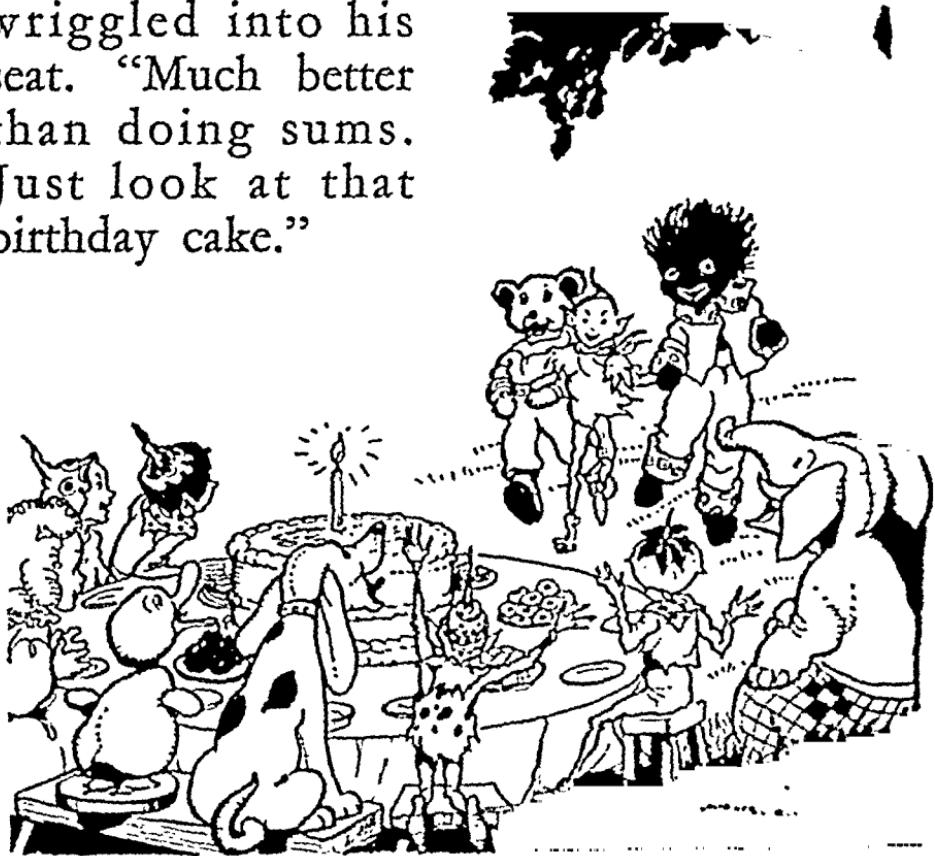
When Teddy Bear and Gollywog reached a real sit-down tea under the oak tree and what a lovely party it was going to be, with hurrying across the meadow the elf told them out of the schoolroom, and while they were Teddy Bear and Gollywog followed the elf the meadow."

being held under the oak tree in the corner of the waiting for us to start tea. The party is "All the other nursery toys are there and elf. "Come along then, and hurry up," said the come."

desks. "Oh, thank you, Elf. We'd love to

at the top of their voices, and the nursery toys joined in. The little elf was very proud, for this was the first birthday party he had ever had. In the centre of the table, amongst all the other good things to eat, was a lovely birthday cake with A HAPPY BIRTHDAY written on it in pink and white icing and a lovely silver candle in the middle.

“Isn’t it exciting!” whispered Gollywog to Teddy Bear, as he — wriggled into his seat. “Much better than doing sums. Just look at that birthday cake.”



desks. "Oh, thank you, Ef. We'd love to come," said the Ef. "All the other nursery toys are there and being held under the oak tree in the corner of the meadow."

"Come along then, and hurry up," said the Ef. "All the other nursery toys are there and waiting for us to start tea. The party is hurrying across the meadow the Ef told them out of the schoolroom, and while they were following followed the Ef to a real sit-down tea under the oak tree and what a lovely party it was going to be, with games and prizes afterwards.

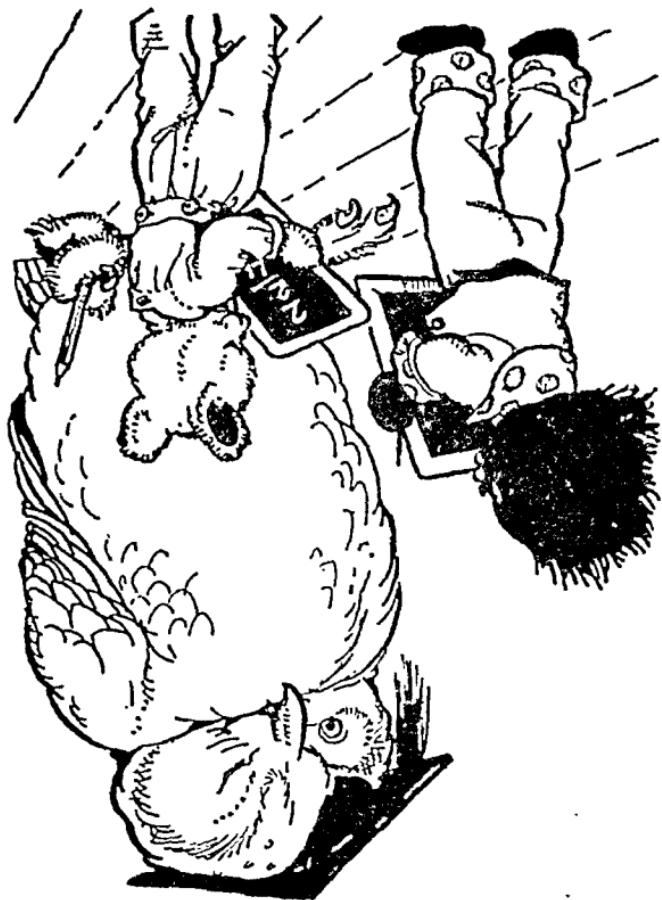
When Teddy Bear and Gollywog reached the oak tree they could hardly believe their eyes, for sitting round a large table covered with all sorts of good things to eat were all from the nursery toys. Elephant was the only toy the nursery toys. Elephant was sitting up to table, for his trunk got in the way, so he sat under the oak tree with a large plate of bun all to himself.

The other elves were there, too, and when they saw the little Elf hurrying towards the table with Teddy Bear and Gollywog the all started singing, "Happy Birthday to You" 8



"Ssssh! It's rude to pass remarks," said
Peter Teddy Bear, who had been very well
brought up, and he tucked his napkin under
his chin and started to eat bread and butter
although he would very much liked to have
eaten cake first.

After they had all eaten bread and butter
and cakes and jellies, the elf stood up to cut
the cake, but first of all he had to blow out the
candle. So he puffed out his cheeks and lit
the candle. Below and he blew until at last the candle flau
went out with a "WHOOF". The cake was
delicious and everyone had a piece, but it



Teddy Bear and Gollywog were just going to join in another game when the elf came up to them.

"I say, you two. Don't forget your lessons," he whispered.

"Oh dear!" sighed Gollywog. "I suppose we'd better go back."

So after saying goodbye to the elf and thanking him for a lovely party, they set off for the schoolroom.

“Fancy winning *two* prizes each,” said Teddy Bear, as they ran across the meadow.

“Yes,” replied Gollywog, “*four* prizes altogether,” and then stopped, and looked hard at Teddy Bear. “Why,” he exclaimed. “Of course, how silly of us. Two prizes each—four prizes altogether. *Why*, Teddy Bear, two and two *do* make four. Come on.” With that they both hurried into the schoolroom as fast as they could, and when Dr. Owl, who was their teacher, returned to the schoolroom to see how they were getting on, there they were solemnly writing on their slates “Two and two make four”, which Dr. Owl thought was very clever of them indeed.

Gollywog and Teddy Bear found school lessons much easier after the little elf’s lovely birthday party and soon became Dr. Owl’s brightest pupils.

DOROTHY M. SHEPPARD

GILLIAN LOWRY

We hurried home in time for tea.
 And when there was nothing more to see
 A huge hippopotamus and a wild emu;
 We saw a lion, and a tiger too,

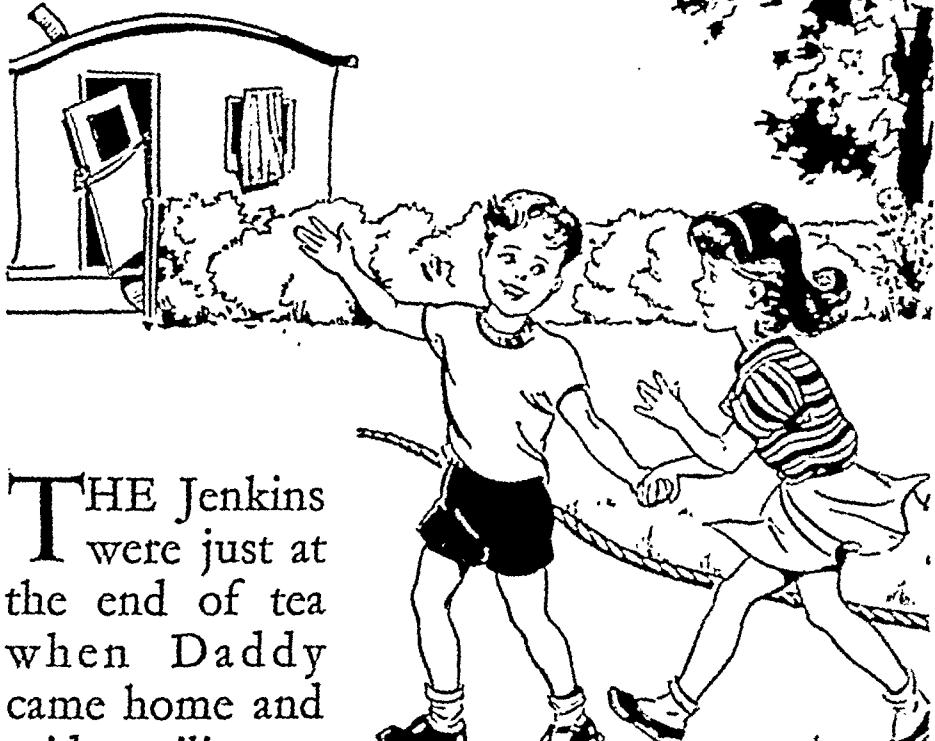
Was sitting beggining in his lair.
 The lovely white polar bear
 And a large alligator in a lake.
 Next we saw a slippery snake

Then went to sleep out in the sun.
 He swallowed his fishes one by one,
 The keeper said his name was Jack;
 We saw a seal all shiny black,

And followed out programme carefully.
 We planned all the things that we wanted to see
 And my little brother John came too;
 One day Mummy took me to the zoo

AT THE ZOO

Paint Pots at the Jenkins'



THE Jenkins were just at the end of tea when Daddy came home and said, smiling at them, "I've bought a caravan!"

"A caravan! *Where?*" cried everybody.
"Outside, by the gate," said Daddy, and they all rushed to see.

There it was, fastened to the back of the car, a real caravan.

"Isn't it *lovely!*!" cried Mark and Marigold.
"Isn't it *shabby!*!" said Mother.
"Well, what can you expect," said Daddy.

“It was quite cheap—for a caravan, it

“And the car’s getting shabby, too, so it would do to have the caravan looking too gay.”

“Can we go out in it tomorrow?” cried the

children. “It’s Saturday!”

“We can’t possibly go out in a caravan as

shabby as that,” said Mother. “We shall have

to do something to it first.”

While they were looking at it Uncle George

came along on his bicycle.

“Hello,” said Uncle George, neatly falling

off his bicycle in surprise, “bought a caravan

for Jolly little thing, but it wants a spot of paint,

“I’ve got a can of red paint at home I’ve really

no use for at all. I’ll nip along and get it.”

Uncle George was very soon back with the

paint.

“Won’t go all over, I’m afraid,” he said, “but

it’ll brighten it up a bit. You could do some red

stripes or something, couldn’t you?”

“I will not go out in a stripey caravan,”

said Mother, when Uncle George had gone.

“We could paint the front red,” said Mark,

“then people would see us coming.”

“I think it would be better to paint the



back," said Marigold, "then people would see us going."

"All I can say is," said Daddy, "I wish Uncle George had thought of giving me that paint before, then I could have painted the wheelbarrow. The wheelbarrow badly needs a new coat of paint."

At seven o'clock Aunt Laura came along on her evening stroll.

"What a disgraceful-looking object," she said to Daddy, stopping to stare. "You aren't going to take the family out in that, I hope!"

"Then a smile broke over her face and she cried, "I know—the very thing! I had two cans of yellow paint left over from painting the kitchen. They're always in my way. I'll give them to you to paint the caravan. If you care to come along with me you can have them at once."

So off they went up the road together. "I didn't like to tell her about Uncle George's red paint," Daddy explained afterwards. "I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings. But we can't paint the caravan red and yellow."

"And that yellow paint would look beautiful on the front door," Mother sighed, "and I've wanted a yellow front door for years."

Just then the bell rang. It was Mr. Robinson from next door.

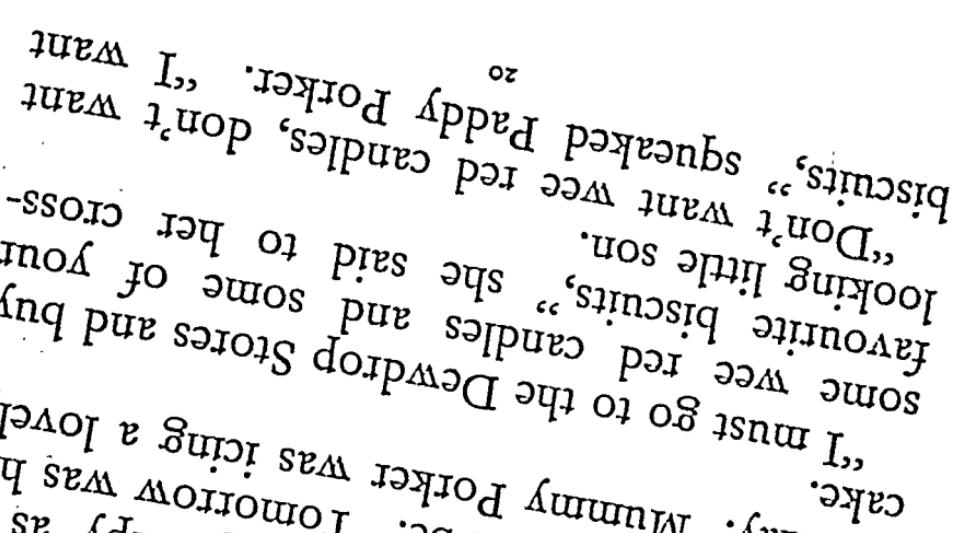
"I see you've got a caravan," said Mr. Robinson, "and my wife wondered if you would like these blue curtains for the windows. They're a little bit bright, but that won't matter for a caravan, will it?"

"Please thank your wife very kindly, Mr. Robinson. We were worried because the caravan looked shabby, but with such gay curtains "Why," cried Mother, "they're just right."

On Daddy Porker's
Birthday

DADDY PORKER was as grumpy as a
little piglet could be. Tomorrow was his
birthday. Mummy Porker was icing a lovely
cake. "I must go to the Deedrop Stores and buy
some wee red candles and some of your
favourite biscuits," she said to her cross-
looking little son.

"Don't want wee squeaked Daddy Porker. I want
biscuits," said the red candles, don't want



some friends to play with and a real party for my birthday."

But Mummy Porker took no notice of his grumbles. She put on her floppy hat and set off for the Dewdrop Stores.

Paddy Porker was much too cross to go with Mummy Porker. "I shall go to the Dell and see if I can find someone to play with," he called out, as his mummy shut the gate with a click.

So the small plump piglet trotted towards Dingle Dell. But he did not find anyone to play with. He trotted grumpily a little farther. And it was here he saw the little pond. Bright yellow water lilies grew all round the edge. They looked so gay and pretty.

Paddy Porker quite forgot his mummy always told him to keep away from the pond. He knelt down on the grassy bank and tried to reach the gay yellow water lilies. But because he was so plump, he overbalanced, and—*splash!*—there he was in the water.

Oh my! How loudly Paddy Porker squealed!

It was very lucky that the two bunnies, Buffy and Muffy Cottontail, heard him. They

They took him to their tent. Muffy put some breeches to dry in the sun. Buffy lent him some buttonies. They enjoyed a game of "Tug" with the two girls.

Muffy and Tug, with all their might and main, struggled to get Paddy Porker safely on the grassy bank again.

Sharp Point, but the small, plump piglets of the trotters had stuck firmly in the mud.

Muffy and Buffy Cotton tail had to tug, and again.

They camped out in a little tent close by.

"Oh, oh! Help . . . help, help!" squealed Paddy Porker.

The water was not very deep on the edge of the pond, but the mud, plump piglets



LITTLE Tommy Tiddletoes was off to the fields to play and his mummy was very pleased to see him go, as he was likely to get into lots of mischief and trouble if he played be sure to break a window; and the other day, when he used mummy's big table cover to make a tent, mummy was not pleased at all. So little Tommy Tiddletoes ran off down the lane, and as he was passing Merriweather's cottage he suddenly thought of something and turned back.

Mummy was quite alarmed when he came running back; however, it appeared he wanted to go fishing in the big pond and asked strong string which he would make into a fishing line. On the end of the line he was going to fix a very big hook and felt sure he would bring home some nice fish for tea.

Tommy Tiddletoes goes Fishing



would see any fish for tea, but little Tommy was quite excited about it, so mummy said he had better take his tea, as fishing was a long, long job.

So off went Tommy with some milk, biscuits and cake in his satchel and he felt just like any real fisherman!

He found a nice spot by the edge of the pond and started to get his fishing tackle ready. The yards of string had got all mixed up in his satchel and was rather a problem, but he managed to find the end and fixed on the very big hook; then he shook the rest of the string, thinking it would unwind itself, but the hook on the end was a nuisance and

LITTLE Tommy Twiddletoes was off to the fields to play and his mummy was very sure to break a window; and the other day he played ball in the garden he forgot to be sure to break a window; and the other day he used mummy's big table cover when he made a tent, mummy was not pleased at all. So little Tommy Twiddletoes ran off down the lane, and as he was passing Mertyweather cottage he suddenly thought of something a runting back; however, it appeared he wanted to go fishing in the big pond and ask mummy for a long stick and a few yards strong string which he would make into fishing line. On the end of the line he was going to fix a very big hook and feel sure would bring home some nice fish for tea.

Tommy Twiddletoes goes Fishing



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caught firmly in little Tommy's jersey and made quite a big hole. This worried Tommy very much, as he knew mummy knitted his jerseys and he was sure it would take her a long time to knit him another one.

When he had got his line ready at last, he hunted round for some worms to use as bait, but, sadly enough, he could not find any; then he remembered the cake he had brought for tea and decided to use that instead.

He threw the line right out across the pond and sat down on the grass and waited very patiently, hoping to catch a nice big fish.

He threw the line right out across the pond and waited very patiently, hoping to catch a nice big fish.

enough, he found he had no cake left for tea!

Poor Tommy began to feel sad and felt that fishing was a *very* difficult business.

He pulled the line in again and *this* time there

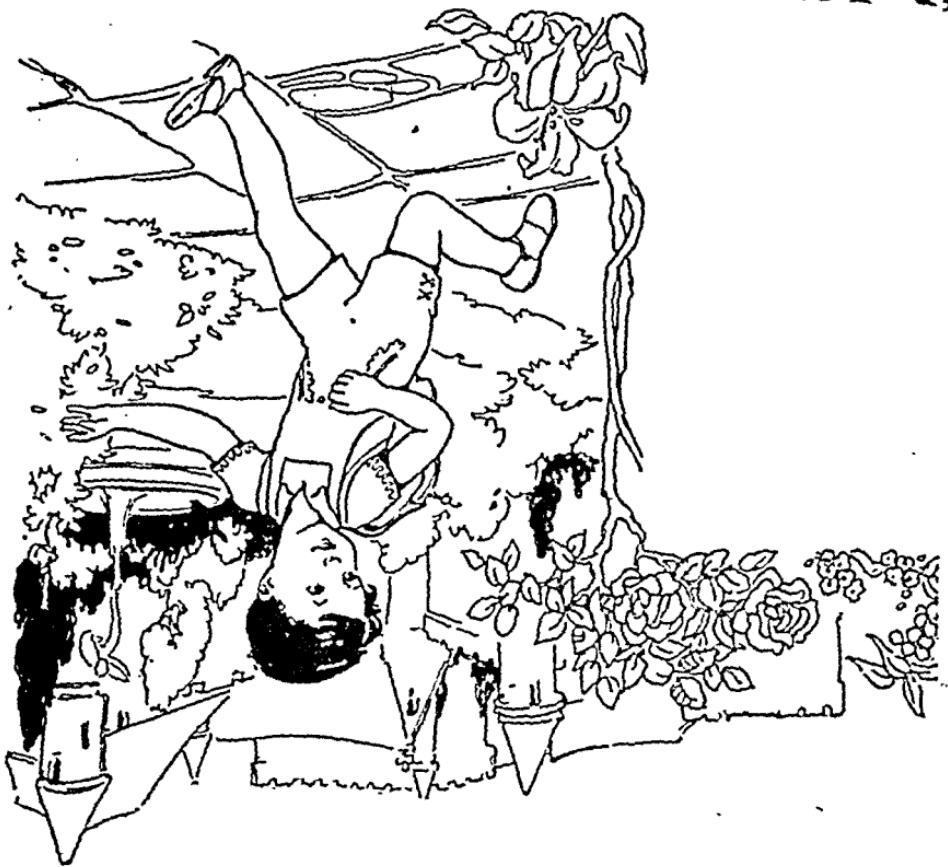
was a fish on the end; Tommy was *sure* because he had to pull so hard, and he felt sure the line would break. One more heave and up came the hook, and poor Tommy had a shock, for instead of a nice fat fish, all he could see hanging on to the hook was a big tin can, which someone must have thrown into the pond.

Little Tommy Twiddletoes ran off home, so very disappointed; and when he told mummy all about it, she told him to wait until Uncle Harry came to see them, as he would show Tommy how to catch fish!



CORA FOWLER

28
writte script letters fairly well. But when these
of course. He could read easy words, and
He had done babyish lessons with Nanny,
do horrid lessons, "Prince Carlo said crossly.
", I don't want a governess. I don't want to
little Prince one day.
Now you are seven, Carlo, you must have
a governess," King Peter said to the



NO LESSONS FOR THE PRINCE

were done Nanny let him make things with playwax, or use his fine big box of paints.

But a governess! "She's sure to be strict and horrid," Prince Carlo told himself, and thought he would run away.

So, on this lovely sunny morning, he slipped into the kitchen and begged for some sandwiches and cake and other nice things, to pack in his little haversack.



Then, while Nanny was tidy-ing up the nursery, Prince Carlo hurried off and began to run as fast as he could to a jolly "hiding-place" made of tree branches, well hidden amongst the bushes in the Palace Park. He had made for himself. It was a small hut, the Prince, as he crunched a juicy apple. "I shall stay here for days and days," said the Prince, as he crunched a juicy apple. "I shall pretend I am a great hunter and go exploring and have heaps of fun. Jolly sight better than doing nothing, hard lessons with a silly old governess."

And of course everything was fun, at first! The little Prince had a large tin of biscuits, another one filled with sweets hidden in his hide-out.

There was a small pool nearby, plenty of wild raspberries growing in the woods. All that morning, Prince Carlo had a glorious time, tracking all kinds of wild creatures.

He pretended he was a mighty hunter that afternoon. If only he had someone to share his games, he thought, as he began to ratherlonerome. But soon the little Prince began to feel ratherlonerome. If only he had someone to share his games, he thought, as he began to eat an egg-and-cress sandwich.

It was a very hot day, and after lunch the little Prince fell fast asleep.

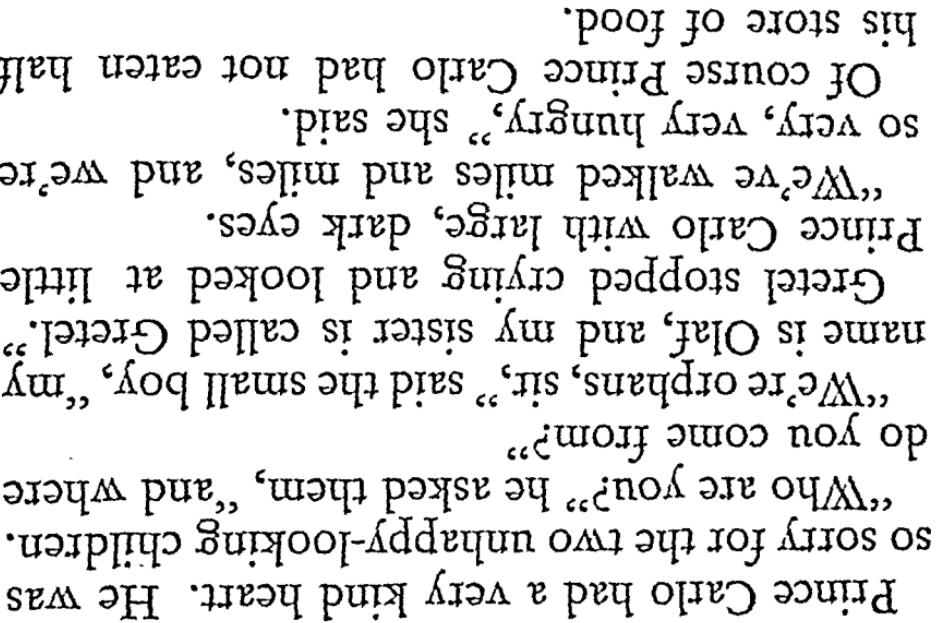
The sound of someone crying woke him up with a start.

“Who can it be?” Prince Carlo wondered, as he got up in a hurry and had a look round. He walked down a mossy path, and there, limping along as if they were very tired, were two small children. Their faces were grubby and stained with tears. Their clothes were clean, but very shabby.

The little girl must have fallen down, for one small knee was bandaged with a handkerchief.



Prince Carlo had a very kind heart. He was so sorry for the two unhappy-looking children. "Who are you?" he asked them, "and where do you come from?" "We're orphans, sir," said the small boy, "my name is Olaf, and my sister is called Gretel." Gretel stopped crying and looked at little Prince Carlo with large, dark eyes. "We've walked miles and miles, and we're very hungry," she said. Of course Prince Carlo had not eaten half his store of food.



He took Olaf and Gretel to his little hut. My word, how they enjoyed the sandwiches, tarts, plum cake and juicy apples.

Prince Carlo watched them, and suddenly he thought, "How jolly it would be if I could take Olaf and Gretel back to the Palace."

And that is exactly what he did, after they had all had a wonderful game in the woods.

Prince Carlo quite forgot he had not meant to go back home for ages and ages.



"I'm sure Daddy will let you stay at the Palace," he told Olaf and Gretel, as they walked through the lovely gardens, about tea-time.

"The Palace?" said Gretel, her large eyes round with surprise. "Have we been playing with a PRINCE?"

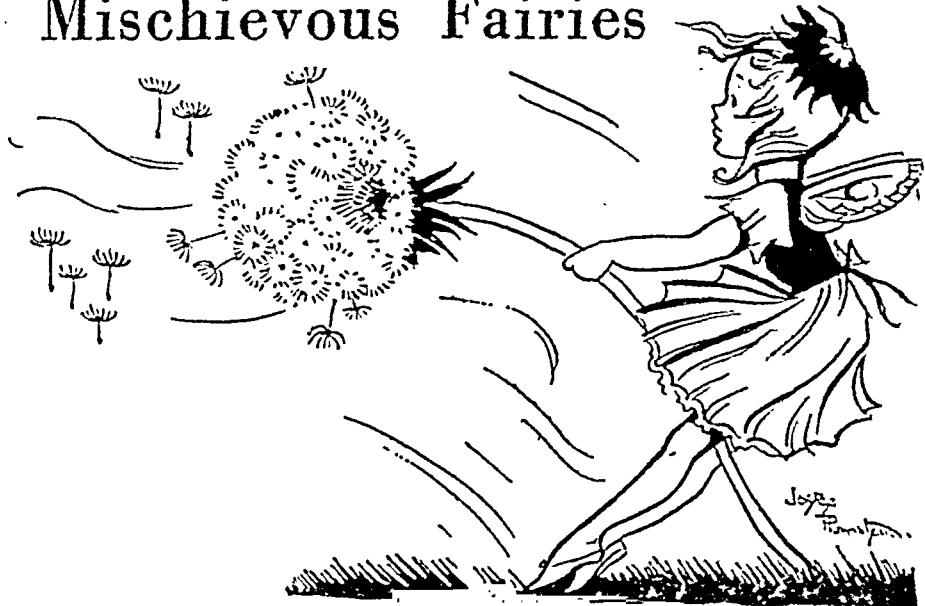
"Prince Carlo chuckled. "I'm rather a lonely Prince," he said, "without any brothers or sisters to play with. You're going to live with me, always. You'll see."

And so it turned out. The King and Queen were only too pleased for little Prince Carlo to have two such nice little companions as Olaf and Gretel.

And when the new governess arrived next day, she was young, pretty, and very jolly. She didn't mind a bit having three children to teach, instead of only one.

She told Prince Carlo that besides lessons they would learn to swim in the Palace lake, play cricket and all kinds of other jolly games. So, of course, when he heard this, Prince Carlo decided that having a governess would not be so bad, after all.

Mischievous Fairies



THE fairies were in a mischievous mood. The Queen had gone for the day to visit the King of the Gnomes and had given the fairies a holiday from all duties.

"You may amuse yourselves all day, only don't get into mischief," were her parting words.

They flew about in the bright sunshine wondering what to do to have the most fun. They fluttered past Mrs. Brown's pretty cottage, and a naughty idea came to Rosebud, who was full of mischief.

"I know," she cried. "Mrs. Brown is a

mean old thing and she's so proud of her lovely, velvety lawn—let's cover it with dandilion fluff," "Oh," exclaimed Pansy, "you know the Queen told us we must never be mean even if some humans are." "Well, sweetness, you can sit on top of a dandilion and watch us. Perhaps you didn't shout at her in such a loud voice that she sat down on the grass and screamed. Mrs. Brown dragged her off the lawn and pushed her through the gate, telling her to go home." The fairies all took up the chorus. "She's mean. She's mean."

Then, while the others flew back and forth with their arms full of fluff, Rosebud, who was from the neighborhood field and flew over the lawn, cutting it by all over the beautiful green grass. They filled their arms with dandilion fluff from the neighborhood field and flew over the lawn, cutting it by all over the beautiful green grass.

Then, while the others flew back and forth with their arms full of fluff, Rosebud, who was from the neighborhood field and flew over the lawn, cutting it by all over the beautiful green grass.

rather conceited, flew over to the bird-bath and hovered above it, admiring herself in the mirror of clear water.

A bird flew over to have a bath, and as he settled down with a splash he accidentally knocked Rosebud into the water. Frightened at what he had done, he flew away without trying to help her.

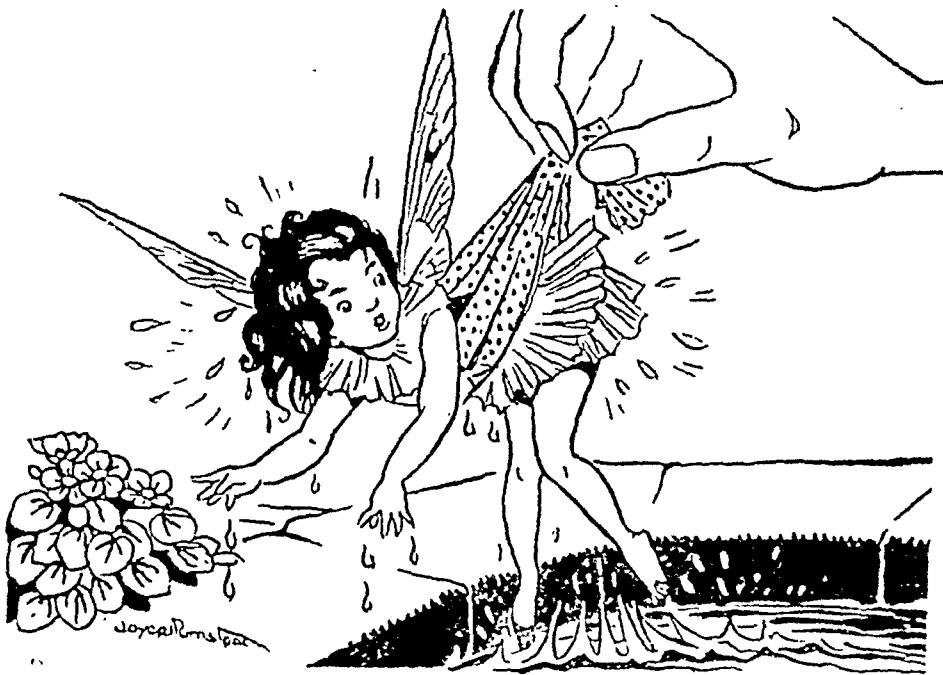
The rest of the fairies were so busy flying



back and forth with their loads of fluff that they didn't even notice what had happened. Rosebud struggled to rise, but the water weighed down the gaazy wings and she could not raise them. She was filled with terror and began to cry pitifully, but no one heard her. Mrs. Brown, looking out of her window, saw her beautiful lawn covered with dandelions over from the field, but it had never been as bad as it was today, and there was no wind. It made her very sad. She knew she couldn't clear it all away and next year her lovely lawn would be a mass of dandelions. She went out to see if there was anything she could do about it.

As she passed the bird-bath she glanced in to see if the water needed changing. "What a beautiful dragonfly!" she exclaimed. "I have never seen one so lovely." Putting in her finger, she lifted Rosebud out to the side of the bath. "Oh, thank you, thank you," cried Rosebud. But of course Mrs. Brown, being a human, couldn't hear her.

She looked sorrowfully at her lovely lawn,



white with dandelion fluff, then sighed and went slowly back into the house.

Rosebud dried herself in the sun, then flew to where the other little fairies were resting and laughing gleefully at the good job they had done. They were rocking back and forth on the dandelion stalks and having great fun.

"She saved my life," said Rosebud, telling them of her adventure. "Now we must carry away all the fluff. Perhaps she isn't mean. It's just because her lawn is so beautiful she wants to keep it nice."



The other little fairies pouted at the thought of undressing all the work they had done; but Pansy, who had not helped them in their naughty work, started right in to carry away great armfuls. When next Mrs. Brown looked out of the window she was surprised to see dozens of brilliant dragon-flies flying very low over her lawn. Later, when she went out of doors again, she could hardly believe her eyes—there was not one sign of danger! Her lawn was as green and beautiful as ever.

GERTRUDE AYLMER

THE

MOUSE WHO WENT TO TOWN

FLICK, the country mouse, went to town to seek his fortune, but alas, when he got there, he found that finding a fortune was harder than he had thought, and he was very sorry indeed that he had left his cosy little house in a bramble thicket, and his good friend and neighbour, Micky.

Flick had come to Town in the summer-time, but now it was winter and snow lay thick on the ground. Too thick for him to see the landmarks that would show him the way home, so he decided to find a home for the winter, and return to the country when the spring sun shone again.

At the bottom of a very untidy garden, Flick found an old iron kettle with the lid



iron kettle lying under a bush and thought his way down the path again he spied the old who lived in the house wanted any eggs. On made his way up the path to see if the people his caravan just outside the garden gate, and to be passing through the Town, pulled up Then one day a young gipsy who happened

as snug as any mouse could wish to be. lid on and settled in for the night. Hack was his little stove, and when he had pulled the of the old iron kettle made a fine chimney for kettle looked very cosy indeed. The spout in a very short time his little room in the will make quite a cosy home for the winter! " half off. "Just the place!" he thought. "The

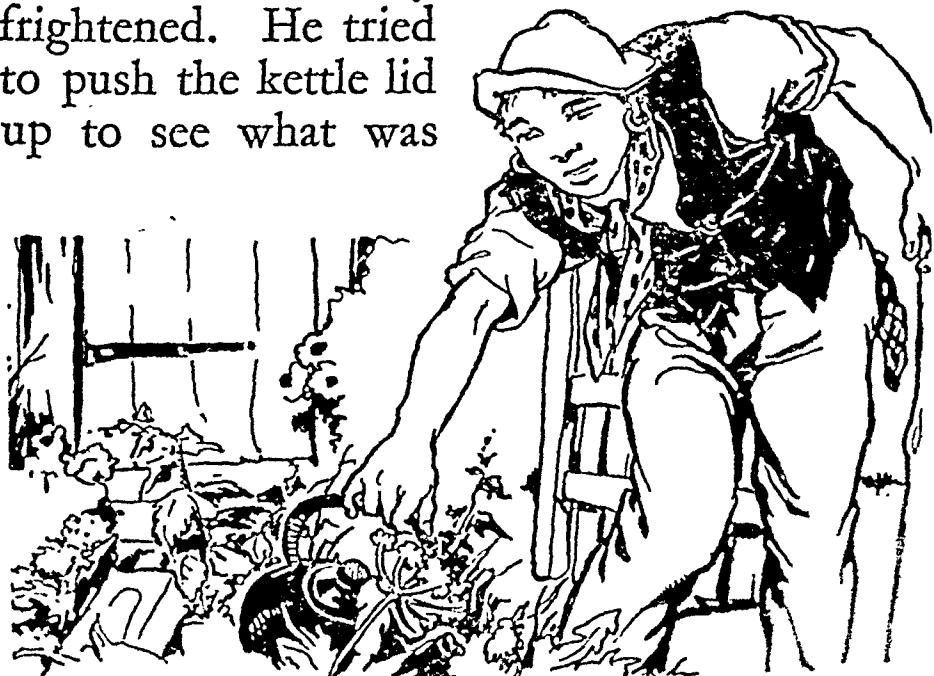


that he would take it back to the caravan and mend it, for it was quite a good kettle. So picking it up, he jammed the lid on tightly, and went whistling on his way.

Inside his little room, Flick wondered whatever had happened. The room was swaying to and fro, and the feeling of being swung backwards and forwards was simply horrid.

Before he climbed into his caravan the gipsy hung the kettle on a peg outside the door, then he whipped up his horse and off they went at a brisk pace through the Town.

Poor Flick was very frightened. He tried to push the kettle lid up to see what was



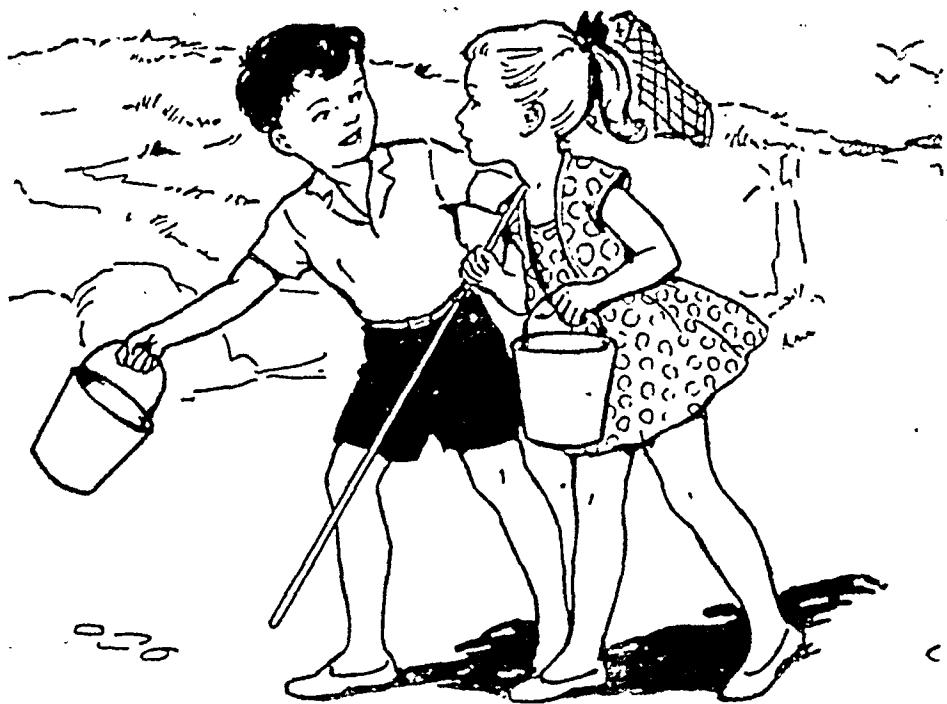
happening, but the gipsy had stuck it on to his coat
tightly and it wouldn't budg[e]. Flücke could
wondering what would happen if someone to
hear the gipsy singing to himself, and he kept
left his nice cosy home in the country and
the lid off and found him inside the kettle. (I
good friend and neighbour, Mickey.)
And then suddenly the caravan went over
deep tut in the road. It rocked from side
side, and the peg on which the kettle had
been out, and the kettle went whizzing across
the road and over a Hawthorn hedge.
The gipsy was too busy getting the vials
already again to see what had happened, at
poor Flücke was much too frightened to care
The fall had given him such a shaking that
he had to lie still for at least five minutes before
he could get to his feet, and then, oh joy,
what was this? Blue sky overhead.

WHEN Tommy came for a week during the summer holidays to stay with his cousin Betty in the country, Betty and her mummy and daddy tried to plan all sorts of jolly things for him to do. Tommy lived in a big town, so he was really excited to be able to run about in the fields and woods. But the greatest treat of all was the seaside picnic! Betty and Tommy could hardly sleep at all the night before, they were so afraid that it might rain and that they could not go. They need not have worried, for next morning the sun was shining brightly, and when they ran downstairs to breakfast the picnic hamper was already in the hall and the car waiting for them to go. Betty knew the way so well that she was all the time saying, "Look, Tommy, there's Farmer Wood's big farm. Oh, do look quickly!" Until at last she cried out: "Now, Tommy, there's the river where Daddy goes fishing!"

The journey to the sea took about an hour. The sun was shining brightly, and when they got to the front door, the car waiting at the front door.

"Tommy and Betty, come in, we're waiting for you!" called out their mother. "We've got a special surprise for you!"

SEASIDE AND ADVENTURE



look right over there and you will see the sea!"

Sure enough, there it was! The blue sea, with the white gulls wheeling over it!

What a lovely time they had that morning! Mummy and Daddy played cricket on the sands with them, and Daddy went paddling with the children while Mummy unpacked the lunch.

After the meal was over Mummy and Daddy wanted to sit and rest in the sun, so Betty and Tommy went off to explore.



"Don't go too far," warned Mummy, "and find you are back for tea."

"Let's get some tiny crabs and things in our buckets," said Tommy.

"All right!" agreed Betty. "I know some lovely places round the rocks."

They wandered on and on, quite forgetting the time and everything else. The sun shone



the gulls swooped over the cliffs and little crabs scuttled away into the pools.

Suddenly in a sandy cove, beyond a wall of jagged rocks, Tommy saw something lying near the foot of the cliff.

“It looks like a poor bird that can’t fly,” said Betty. “We must go to see.”

“Ought we to go so far?” asked Tommy. “We shall have to wade round these rocks to get to it.”

“Well, we can’t just leave it,” Betty told him. “Come on, it isn’t very deep.”

So they waded round and walked up the

beach to where the gull lay. The children saw that its feathers were covered in black, sticky oil which made it unable to fly. Betty stooped to stroke its head; it looked up as if it knew she wanted to help. Just then there came a shout from above. Looking up, the children saw a coastguard on the cliff top, waving to them. "You children stay where you are," he shouted. "You can't go back round the rocks." "Tis too dangerous now the tide's coming in fast." "Why, look, Betty," cried Tommy, "it's come up ever so far since we came round the reef!" Betty looked frightened. "What shall we do?" she called. "Stay just where you are," called the man. "I'll have to bring a rowboat round to the cove. Shant be long."

So Tommy and Betty stood still at the foot of the cliff, sootying the poor bird and watching the water creeping nearer and nearer up the sand. They both shouted, "Hooray!" when a little boat came nosing its way round the rocks. But before they scrambled aboard

they asked the coastguard what should be done about the gull.

“Poor bird!” he said. “We find a lot of them like that. They get oil from the tankers on their wings and can’t fly. But we’ll take him along with us and I’ll clean him up at the Coastguard Station. He’ll soon be as right as rain.”

How astonished Mummy and Daddy were to see the two children arriving back by boat! Mummy was beginning to be cross, for they had been so long that she was worried. But the coastguard soon explained everything. Mummy gave him some tea and he and Daddy had a chat before he rowed away, taking the bird to be cleaned up.

“Well,” said Tommy, rather sleepily, as he and Betty climbed into the car to go home, “I didn’t think we were going to have an adventure like that today!”

“Nor did I,” agreed Betty, “but wasn’t it exciting!”

NANCY D. STEVENS

THE MAGIC TEA-POT

THIS is a story about an old lady who really had plenty of money, but was very mean and miserable. She would sit by her fire and make herself a pot of tea, and when a neighbor would call in to say, "How do you do?" she would quickly hide the tea-pot in the oven, as she was much too mean and unkind to share her tea with everybody.

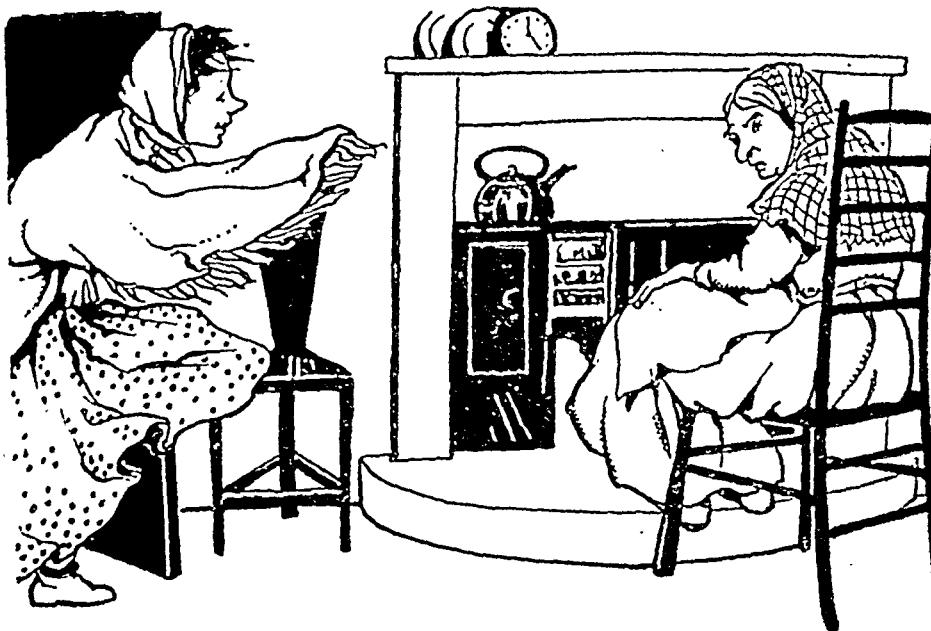
One day she had been in such a hurry to hide her pot of tea that she dropped it and it broke in a dozen pieces all over the floor. What a mess it was, tea and china all mixed up. The old lady was *very* annoyed, as now she must use some of her money to buy a new tea-pot.



Away she went to market, and very cross she was too. She argued with the man in the market because she said all the tea-pots were *far* too expensive. At last she decided to buy a little brown pot which had a chip broken off the spout, and was sixpence cheaper than the others because the spout did not look quite new. Nobody knew that the

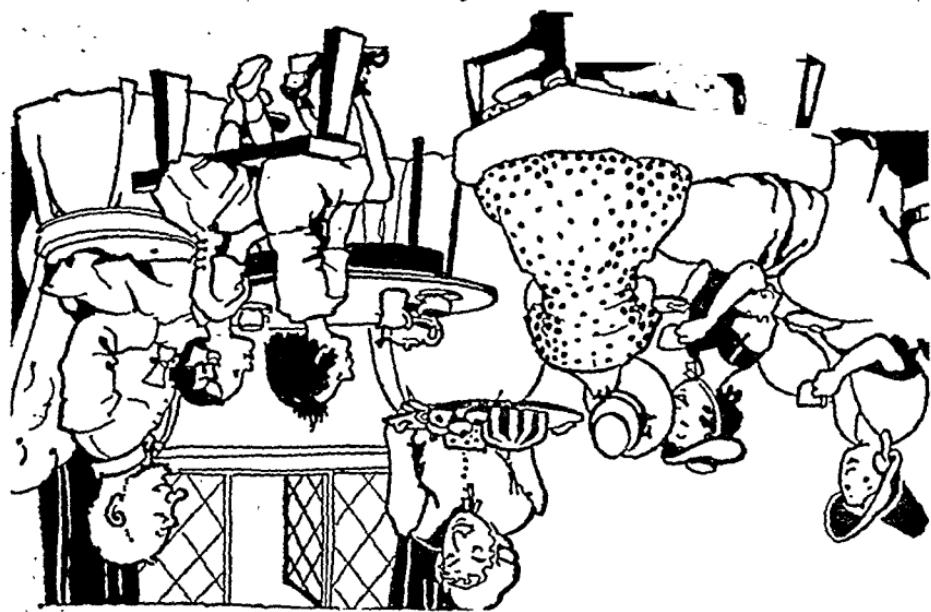


little brown tea-pot with the chipped spout was magical. The old lady hurried back home and a teatime made a pot of tea with the new tea-pot just as she was going to pour out a cup for herself, "Knock knock" came at the door quickly the old lady popped the pot of tea herself, "Knock knock" came at the door kindly neighbour had called, as not seeing the old lady all day she wondered if she might be ill. As she was about to leave, a funny pop-popping noise came from the oven. The mean old lady opened the oven door in alarm and there was the little magic tea-pot with the lid pop-popping up and down, and blow-ing clouds of steam through its spout. "Oh," said the nice neighbour. "Are you about to have your tea? I would love a cup with you, it is so very cold outside." Now the mean old lady just had to give her tea away but she could not pretend she hadn't any where the full tea-pot was pop-popping away and so she poured the nice neighbour a cup of tea.

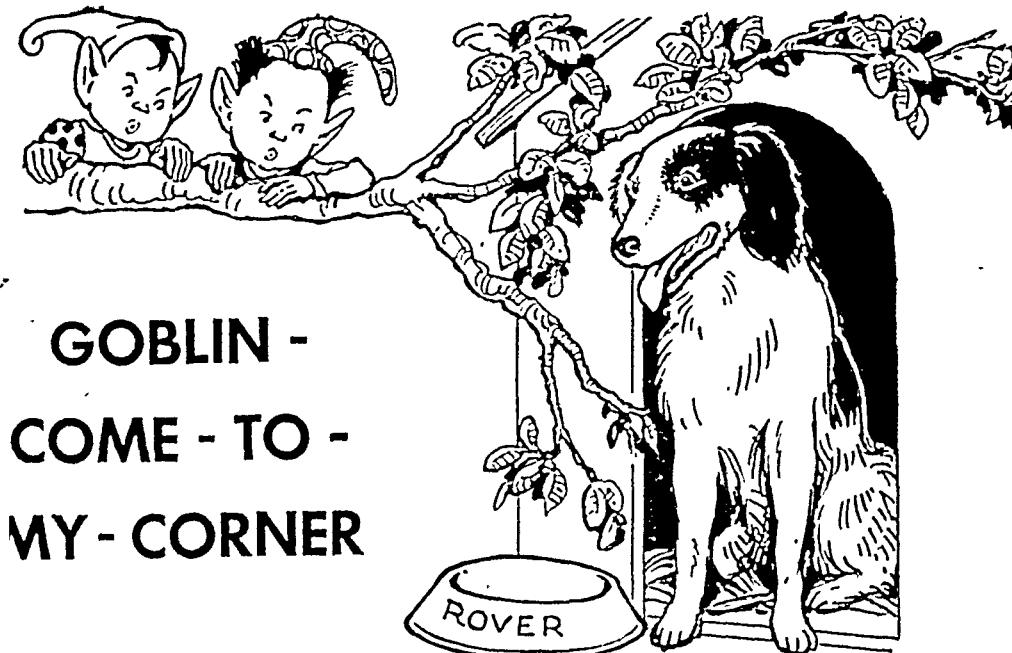


your tea with me," she said, and the old lady was very surprised and very pleased too.

Each time the old lady made a pot of tea, and hid it in the oven that magic little pot would start pop-pop-popping and blowing steam.



was funny that the old lady had never known how happy it made a person to be kind to others until she bought the little tea-pot. She was never lonely or miserable now, as she had so many friends. Soon the little tea-pot did not have to use its magic because the old lady never tried to hide it in the oven, as she now shared her tea with her friends, and very happy she was. If ever she tries to get mean and miserable again, I know the magic tea-pot will pop-pop-pop every time she tries to hide it in the oven, but I am sure she will never be hotrid again, aren't you? PHYLLIS BRYANT



GOBLIN - COME - TO - MY - CORNER

ROVER lay in his kennel and gave a long, low howl. His little friends Jimmy and Pat, the farmer's children, were playing in the orchard and heard the strange sound.

"What was that?" asked Jimmy, putting down his ball. "It sounded like the howling of the wind, only there isn't any wind today."

"There it is again!" exclaimed Pat. "I think somebody is crying in the yard. Let's go and see."

Leaving their ball under the big apple tree they ran into the yard, but except for Rover in his kennel, it was quite empty.

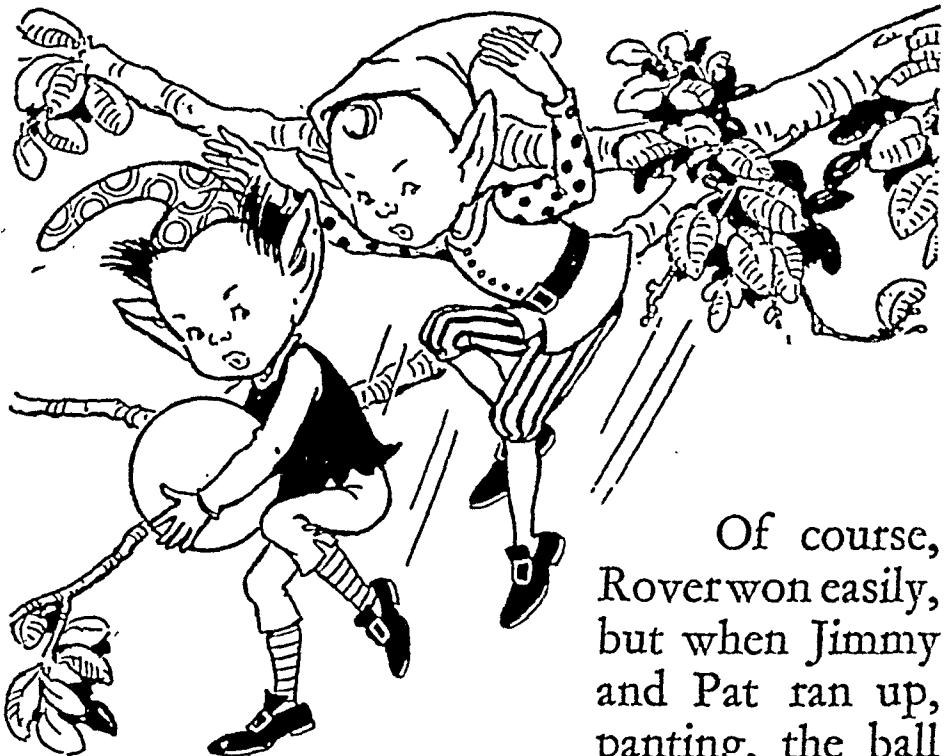


you to the apple tree!"

"I wonder where the sound came from?"
 exclaimed Jimmy. "There is no one here but Rover, and dogs can't cry."

"No, but they can howl," replied Pat, "and I think Rover was howling because he was lonely. Let's take him into the orchard; he can run after the ball for us."

"That's a good idea," said Jimmy, unfastening the chain. "Come along, Rover; I'll race you to the apple tree!"



was nowhere to be seen.

"Somebody must have taken it while we were away," exclaimed Jimmy. "Find him, Rover!"

Rover sniffed here and there under the apple tree, then sat down and looked up into the branches.

"Who's there?" Jimmy called. "Come down at once!"

"We daren't," was the reply. "We are afraid of your dog."

Of course, Rover won easily, but when Jimmy and Pat ran up, panting, the ball

Jimmy, "he won't hurt you." said
"You needn't be afraid of Rover," said
The two children stood close to the trunk
and stared up into the branches. They ex-
pected to see two boys climb down, so imagine
their surprise when two goblins swinging from
the lowest branch and dropped to the ground!
Then presently a third, and very shy one
followed. Then two of them stepped forward
and gave the ball to Pat.

"We've never had a ball," said one, "so we
took yours when you ran into the yard."
"We didn't mean to steal it, really we didn't,"
said the other, "we only wanted to play like
real children,"
"Then you shall play with us," exclaimed
Pat, who felt sorry for them.
"Hurrah!" shouted the noisiest goblin. "You
are kind."

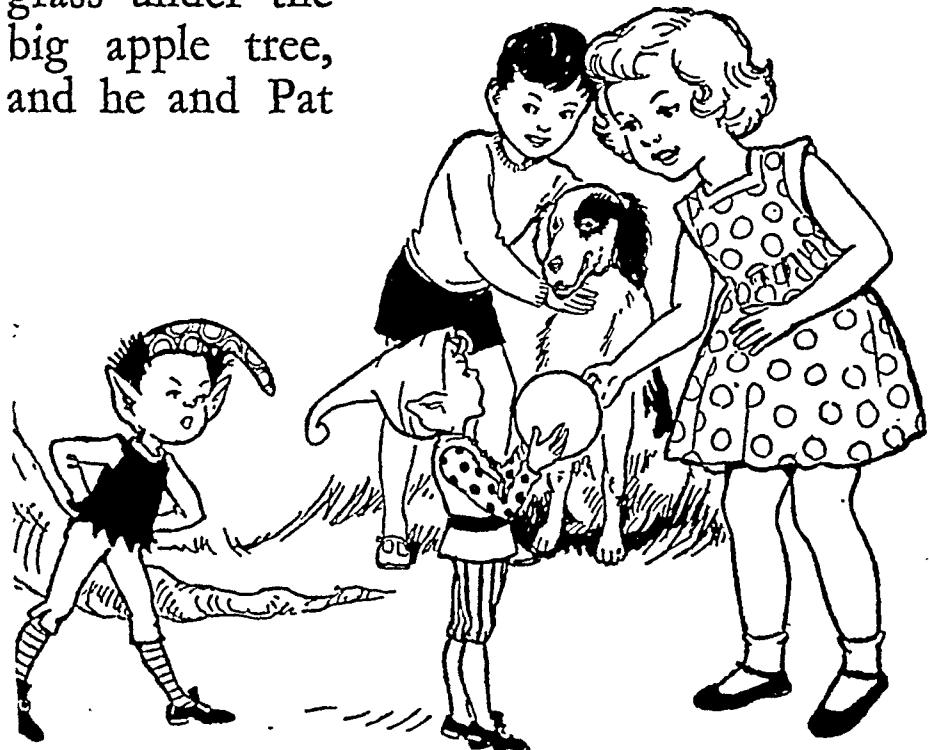
"But what shall we play at?" asked Jimmy.
"I know," replied Pat. "We'll play Goblin-
Come-To-My-Corner! We shall need five for
that, and I'll be in the middle first."

What an exciting time they had, and how
pleased the goblins were to be playing like
real children. They chose four trees at the

corners of a square and changed places with each other at top speed, while Pat tried to hit them with the ball.

The goblins ran so quickly that it was a long time before either of them was hit and had to go in the middle.

When at last it was time for tea the goblins looked sad, but they cheered up when the children said they would come again next day. And what is more, Jimmy didn't take the ball home with him that night. He left it on the grass under the big apple tree, and he and Pat





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CHRISTINE E. BRADLEY

But she doesn't have ice cream ever.

They say, "Oh, look at her, isn't she sweet!"

If she cuts her fingers or kicks her feet.

Whatever she does is clever.

Jennifer Mary is so young

NO TREATS

ARTHUR SOWERBY

My-Cornet, just like real children.

of their friends and played Goblin-Come-To-

They are certain the goblins fetched two

in the orchard next morning.

were quite sure they heard someone shouting



WERE quite sure they heard someone shouting in the orchard next morning.

They are certain the goblins fetched two of their friends and played Goblin-Come-To-My-Center, just like real children.

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Jeffnifer Marty is so young whenever she does is clever.

If she cuts her fingers or kicks her feet they say, "Oh, look at her, isn't she sweet!"

But she doesn't have ice cream ever.

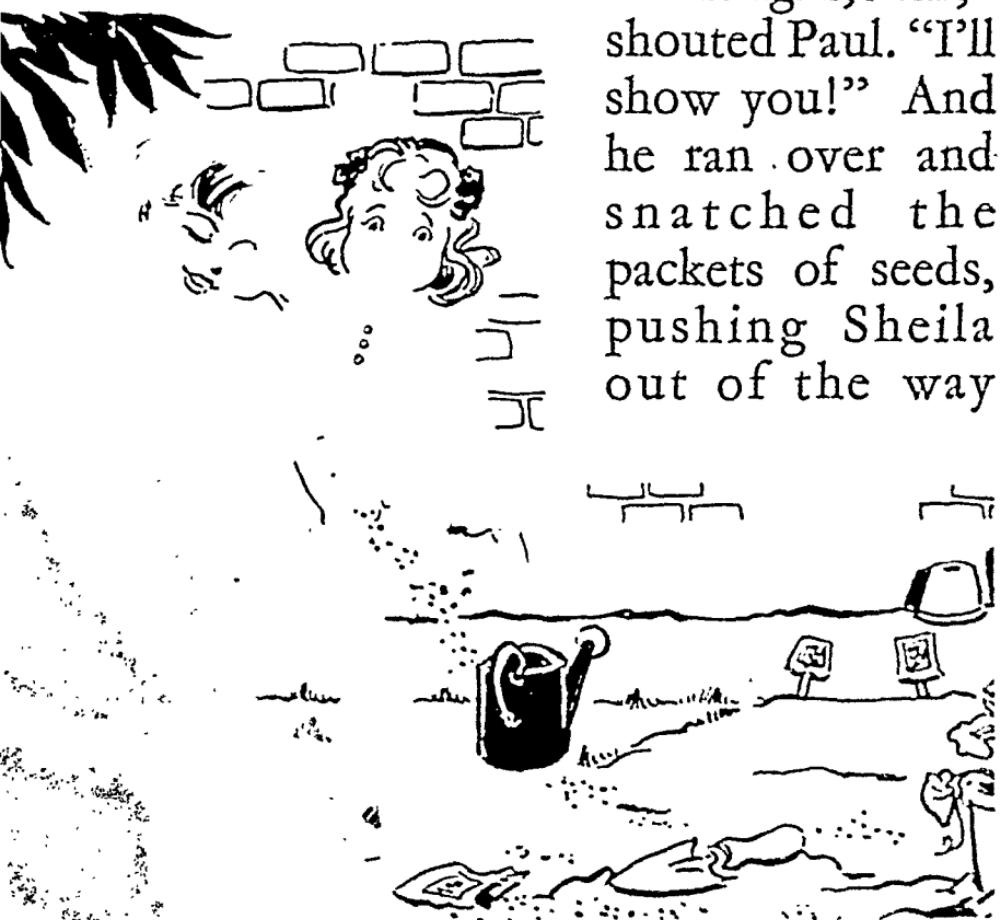
CHRISTINE E. BRADLEY

62

arden of her own at home and each summer
was as pretty as a picture. She now stood
in front of her little square planning out in
her mind how best to arrange it.

The boy whose garden was next to hers
and who was a bit of a bully shouted, "Plant
mine for me, Sheila!"

"No, Paul! We've got to do our own!"
she replied.



"All right, then,"
shouted Paul. "I'll
show you!" And
he ran over and
snatched the
packets of seeds,
pushing Sheila
out of the way

"Now we all want to do our best to make a diamond pattern in the middle of her garden. Jackie Stuart in the middle of her garden had so many clever ideas, but everyone was certain in her own mind that Sheila West would carry off the first prize, as she had a watered."

"But do your best and keep them well like, with the different colours," she said. "You can try to make patterns, if you them. "You can try to make patterns, if you are outside and showed them how to sow lovely coloured flowers—then she led the children outside and showed them how to sow six packets of seeds each—each of different to her class and told them to line up to receive twelve little square patches of newly-dug earth each side of the path, Miss Smithers turned twelve days later, when there were now

prize for the prettiest one."

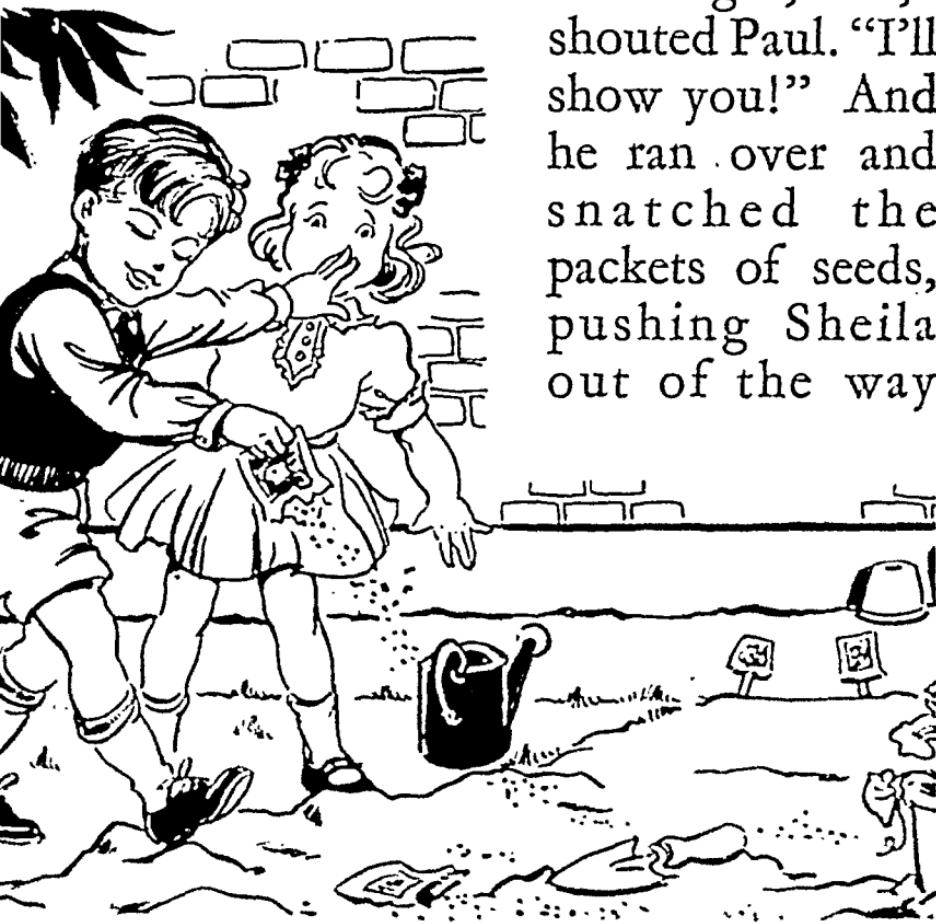
I will give you some seeds—and also a can. I will give you some seeds—and also a garden patches as gay with flowers as you can. I will give you some seeds—and also a outside look pretty by making your own little She smiled. "Well, you can help make the There was a chorus of "Yes, Miss Smithers!" "Children?" she asked, looking round her class. Sir John proud of his old school, don't we, "Now we all want to do our best to make

as as pretty as a picture. She now stood front of her little square planning out in mind how best to arrange it.

The boy whose garden was next to hers who was a bit of a bully shouted, "Plant e for me, Sheila!"

No, Paul! We've got to do our own!" replied.

"All right, then," shouted Paul. "I'll show you!" And he ran over and snatched the packets of seeds, pushing Sheila out of the way



"Now we all want to do our best to make *St. John* proud of his old school, don't we, children?" she asked, looking round her class. There was a chorus of "Yes, Miss Smithers!" She smiled. "Well, you can help make the outside look pretty by making your own little garden patches as gay with flowers as you can. I will give you some seeds—and also a prize for the prettiest one."

A few days later, when there were now twelve little square patches of newly-dug earth each side of the path, Miss Smithers turned to her class and told them to line up to receive six packets of seeds each—each of different lovely coloured flowers—then she led the children outside and showed them how to sow them. "You can try to make patterns, if you like, with the different colours," she said. "But do your best and keep them well watered."

Joan Collins said she was going to make a diamond pattern in the middle of her garden. Jackie Stuart would try to make a flag. They had so many clever ideas, but everyone was certain in her own mind that Sheila West would carry off the first prize, as she had a

garden of her own at home and each summer it was as pretty as a picture. She now stood in front of her little square planning out in her mind how best to arrange it.

The boy whose garden was next to hers and who was a bit of a bully shouted, "Plant mine for me, Sheila!"

"No, Paul! We've got to do our own!" she replied.



"All right, then," shouted Paul. "I'll show you!" And he ran over and snatched the packets of seeds, pushing Sheila out of the way.



While he emptied them higgledy-piggledy all over her little garden and then ran back laughing, to his own. Poor Shelia! Paul knew that the little girl wouldn't tell tales, but she was very near to tears as she gently sprinkled a covering of soil over the seeds. "What a mess," she thought. "But I must cover them up, I can't get any more seeds without telling teacher." At last it was August. The children had looked after their gardens well and they were very pretty indeed. That is to say, all except one—Paul's! He had carelessly pushed his

seeds in the ground so deep that only here and there a feeble plant had been able to struggle through. Miss Smithers was very cross.

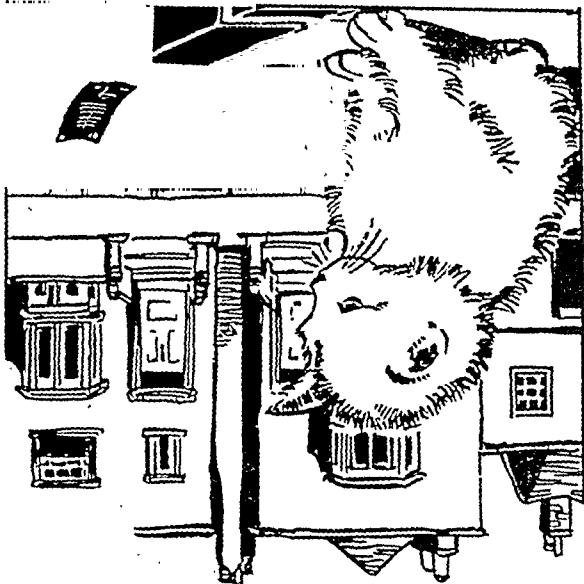
The children stood waiting eagerly as Sir John walked from garden to garden. At last he paused by Sheila's, which through her careful watering and weeding had grown into a dazzling patchwork quilt of a garden; quite opposite to what Paul had intended.

"Well, Miss Smithers," said Sir John, "it is very hard to choose, they are all so pretty—except that one over there." And he pointed to Paul's patch in unwatered earth. The boy hung his head and shuffled his feet. "But," continued Sir John, "I really think that this one must be given first prize"—pointing to Sheila's. "The others are so good that I will also give a silver half-crown to each child who looked after them."

Cheer after cheer rent the air, and Sheila found herself holding a crisp ten-shilling note as first prize. The others were equally pleased with their half-crowns, and a certain little boy with empty pockets found that it didn't to be spiteful.

A. I. MUNC

"Well, it's no use worrying," said Tuftet.
 Tuftet was grey all over with dust, for he
 couldn't bear to lick himself clean. He didn't
 taste a bit nice.
 Tuftet was grey all over with dust, for he
 went whizzing through the streets, making a
 busy town. All day long the buses and cars
 You see, he lived in the middle of a big,
 dreafiful dust!



TUFTET AND THE TICKET

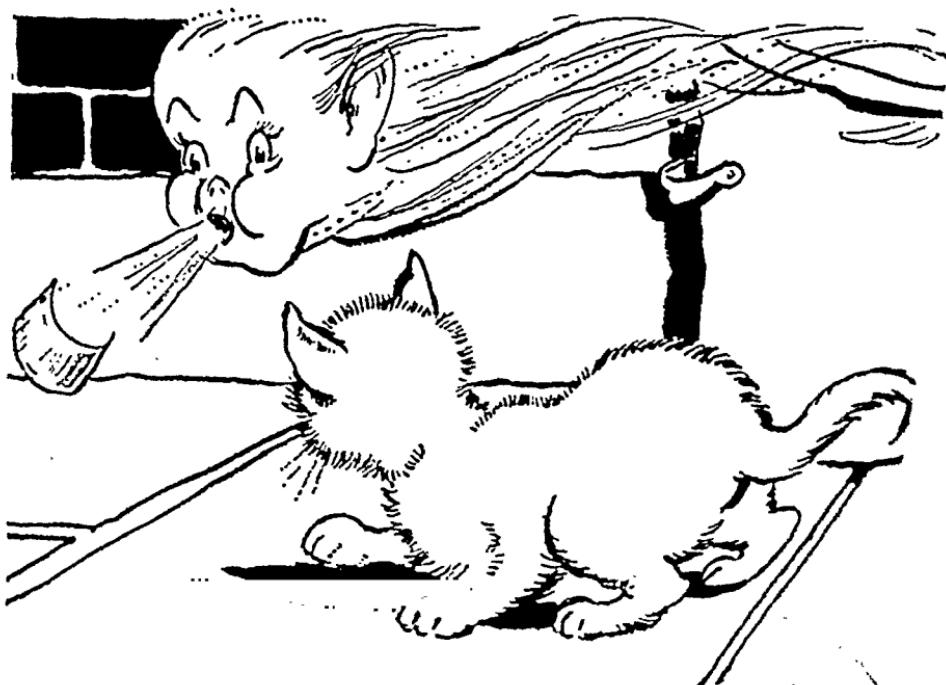
“Though I do wish I knew what colour I was.
Some day perhaps I’ll get clean, somehow.
And THEN I’ll know.”

One day he was playing in the street with his friend the Wind.

“Look what I’ve found!” cried the Wind suddenly. “An old bus ticket.”

“Let’s have a game with it,” said Tuffet. “You blow it away down the street, and I’ll chase after it and catch it.”

“Chase away!” laughed the Wind, as he whirled it nearly out of sight. “But you’ll never catch it.”



“I will!” cried Tuftet, and he bounded after it. Through the town it whitened, past all the cars and shops and houses, and away out into the country. There wasn’t any dust now—only green fields where the grass twinkled with dew-drops and reached right up to Tuftet’s ears. He bounded happily through it, on and on. . . . “Oh, stop!” he cried suddenly. “Wait a minute! Just look at those lovely flowers!” “Puff!” laughed the Wind. “These are only buttercups. I can show you better flowers than that! Catch it!” And he whitened the ticket over a high wall.

Over went Tuftet after it. And there he was in a beautiful garden. There were flowers everywhence, of every colour in the world. “How pretty you are!” purred Tuftet, as he wandered about among the roses. “I like you best of all. You’re so nice and cool and dewy. And I’m so thirsty.” Tuftet put out his little pink tongue and began to lick the dewdrops off the rose-buds very gently.

“Puff!” laughed the Wind. “I can get you,” Tuftet said. “I’m so thirsty.” And Tuftet began to lick the dewdrops off the rose-buds very gently. Tuftet put out his little pink tongue and began to lick the dewdrops off the rose-buds very gently.



a better drink than that. Catch!" And he whirled the ticket through the open window of a house.

And in leapt Tuffet after it.

"Oh!" he cried. "How pretty she is!" For there by the fire, sound asleep in a pussy-basket, was a lovely snow-white kitten.

"I wish I was white like you!" sighed Tuffet. And outside the window the Wind burst out laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" said Tuffet. But the Wind wouldn't say. He just ~~laughed~~ and laughed, till he woke the ~~white kitten~~ up.



She opened her blue eyes and bounced out of the basket. "Hello!" she said. "What a handsome kitten you are! Just the very same color as me!" "WHAT?" said Tuft, and he looked down at his paws. Yes, they **WERE** white! "You do look surprised!" laughed the other kitten. "I AM surprised," said Tuft. "I used to be great. But I've been tearing around all day in the wet grass, and it must have washed me."

"It forgot to wash your ears," laughed his new friend. "But I'll soon put that right." Out came her little pink tongue and she licked them white as snow.

"They didn't taste very nice," she said. "But never mind. Here's milk to put away the taste. Wouldn't you like some too?"

So into her bowl went two little pink tongues.

"What's your name?" said Tuffet presently.

"Muffet," she said. "What's yours?"

"Tuffet!" said Tuffet. "Now, isn't that odd? Even your name is nearly the same as mine."

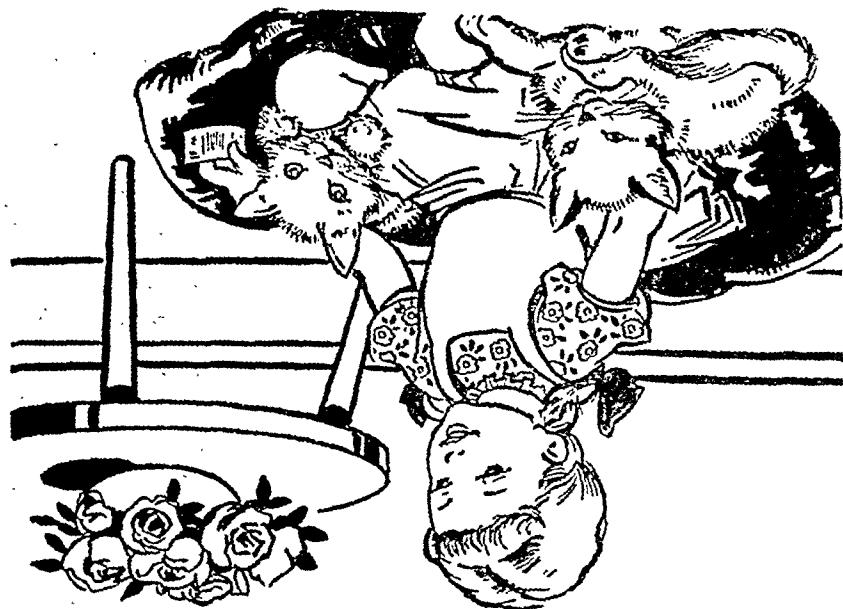
"We're surely meant to be friends," purred Muffet. "Where do you live?"

"Nowhere," sighed Tuffet. "I don't belong to anybody."

"Then you can stay here!" cried Muffet joyfully. "I've always plenty of milk. You can easily sleep in my basket. There's ~~less~~ of room for two."

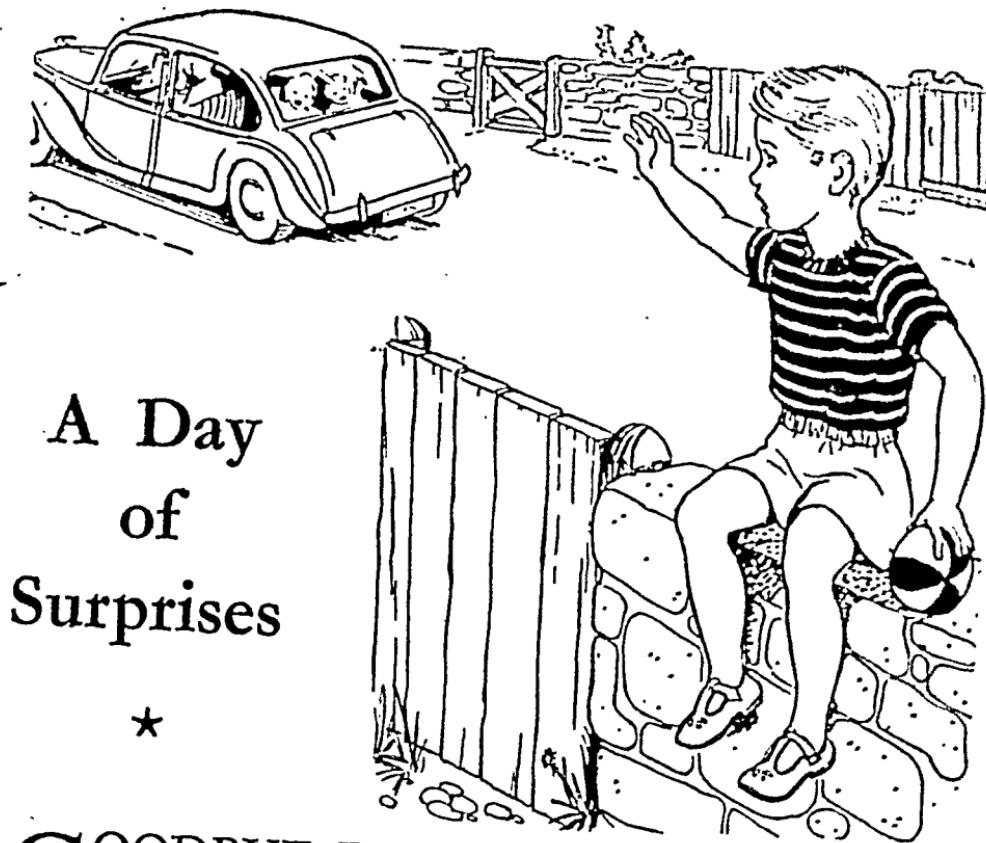
"Let's have a snooze now," said Tuffet. So they curled themselves into the basket. In soon they were sound asleep.

Presently the door opened.



Jean Robertson

"Mummy!" cried a little girl. "There's TWO kittens here now! Quick! Come and see! Oh, Mummy, can we keep the new one too?" "We can certainly keep him till we find where he belongs," said Mummy. "But good gracious, Betty! How ever did this get here?" Look—a dirty old bus ticket!" "And we're miles and miles from the town," said Betty. "How COULD it have got here?" But out among the roses the Wind laughed and laughed. He knew all about it!



A Day of Surprises



"GOODBYE, Peter," called John-from-next-door merrily.

"Bye-bye, Peter," called his sister Sue. Then the blue car moved slowly away from the gate—taking two happy children to the seaside for the day.

Peter watched the car until it had turned the corner. Then, unhappily, he went indoors, wishing he and Mummy had a car so that they too could spend a whole day by the sea.

"Cheer up, Peter," Mummy said when she

just as he came out of the shop, a red car was coming along the road.

Peter thanked Mrs. Timm again, and then, said he need not pay for.

"Oh dear, what a shame," said Mrs. Timm, and she gave Peter a toffee-apple, which she

"Mummy says she hasn't enough money for a holiday this year."

Peter shook his head. "No," he said sadly.

Some men look on the little boy's face.

"Mrs. Timm finished as she saw the year?" Mrs. Timm finished as she saw the

you had gone to the sea-side. Not going this

the first, "I haven't seen you lately. I thought

"Why," she said as she took the ice from

Timm when he reached the shop.

"A choc ice, please," he said to jolly Mrs.

himself as he trotted up the road.

It would be very dull in the park today

and usually he loved to sail it on the small pond.

Now Peter's new boat was painted blue and

had silver-like printed on it in neat black letters,

go to the park and take your nice new boat

Timm's and buy a choc ice. Then we will

saw his doleful face. "Run along to Mrs.

to sail on the pond."

Next minute the red car stopped and a gay voice shouted, "Hullo, Peter. We are just going to your house. Hop inside."

And there was Peter's favourite Auntie Meg, and beside her was his cousin Jim.

"It's such a lovely day we thought you and Mummy would like a day by the sea," said Auntie Meg as they reached Peter's house.

Peter raced up the garden path, with Cousin



Jim at his heels and a smiling Auntie Meg following behind.
"Mummy! We're going to the sea-side after all," Peter shouted gaily, and he went straight to the hall cupboard where he kept his toy boat. His bucket and spade were on the floor as well.

Mummy soon packed up his bathing things, and then off they whizzed in the red car, out of the town, along country lanes towards the sea-side.

What fun Peter had paddling, making sand-castles and sailing his fine new boat! And when they had enjoyed a picnic lunch on the sand-sands Auntie Meg jumped up quickly and said, "Now, folks, come and see the bungalow." "Now," said Peter's Mummy, looking very surprised.

"The bungalow?" said Peter's Mummy, looking very excited.

Auntie Meg's brown eyes were twinkling now, and Cousin Jim was looking very excited. "It was a secret," he told Peter. "Mummy said I was not to tell you . . . and I didn't, you see," he added proudly.

But now Auntie Meg was leading the way

some steps that led to the parade and
cross the road where there was a whole row
of bungalows.

The one called "Sea View" was larger and
taller than all the rest.

"We shall come and fetch you on Saturday,"
Auntie Meg promised a very excited Peter.
"To be ready early, won't you?"

"We will," cried Peter. "Won't we,
mummy?"

And now there
was just time for a
monkey ride and tea
at the Sea View Café,



ALIEEN E. PASSMORE

For a book or some beads or a trumpet to
 you go
 For you never know what you will find whether
 Her shop should be called "The Surprise".
 And stockings and glue—
 Bird seed and biscuits,
 And gollies with boot button eyes;
 And gingerbreads, too,
 Tapes, red and blue,
 Pin cushions, plant-pots and pies,
 Lives in a jumble;
 Old Mrs. Bumble

MRS. BUMBLE'S SHOP

DORIS M. LEE

As Peter snuggled sleepily in his corner he
 felt very happy to think that in two days' time
 Auntie Meg's red cat would whizz them back
 again to spend a whole glorious month by
 the sea.

and the red cat whizzed them all back to
 Peter's house.

Winter Home for Three



"I THINK it's empty!" whistled Bob-Robin from his perch on the window-sill. He put his head on one side to glance at Mitty Mome, who had just come scuttling along the path.

"Oh, I do hope not!" squeaked Mitty as well as she could, for her mouth was full. She stopped, sat up on her hind feet, clapping her dear little pink fore-paws in front of her. A big tear rolled slowly down her cheek. "I've only just found it. Is this still a home?"

"Yes, it's empty," agreed Mitty. "There's an enormous big house up the garden—that's empty too. My cousins, the house-mice, live in it. I should not like to live there."

"This lovely little house," said Mitty. "This morning I found out our own living. This morning I found farther has sent us all out into the world to in the ivy on the other side, but now my this garden from over the walls; I was hatched this summer-house. I've only just come into explained Bob-Robin with a laugh. "I mean "I don't mean your old beech-nut, silly!" "I don't mean her mouth. beech-nut from her mouth. fat one." Sadly she took a shiny, brown



"Nor should I, but this tiny one would be a wonderful shelter when the cold weather comes. My mother told us about the cold. In the winter she used to hop onto the nursery window-sill and the children fed her with crumbs. She said that birds' feathers keep us warm. All the same, I think it would be nice to have a wee house to shelter in when the wind blows very fiercely and the ground is white with snow."

"Oh, I do agree with you!" squeaked Mitty. "Shall we go in to look round? There is a



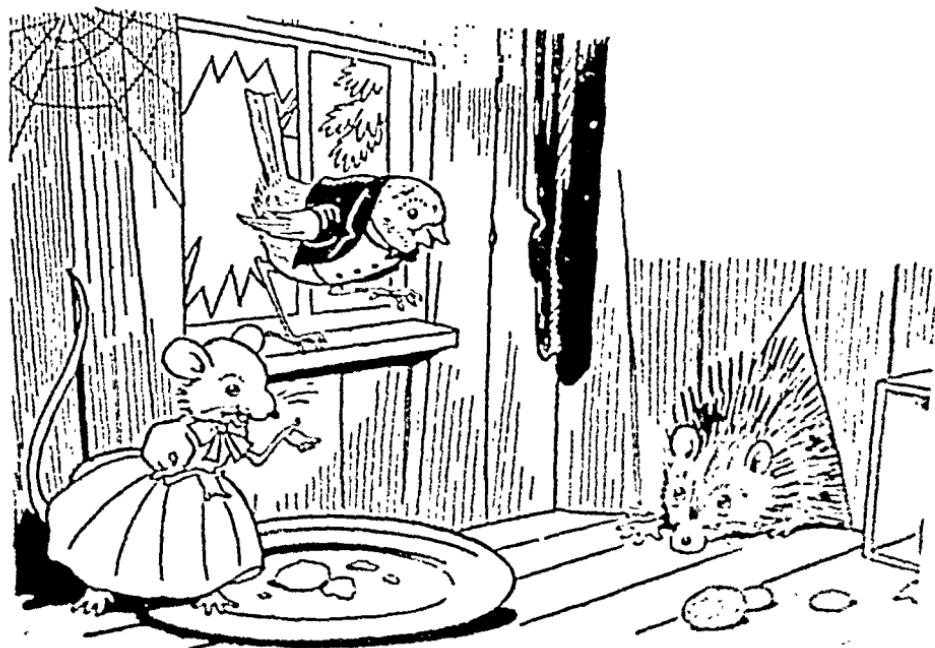
“Small hole near the ground for me, but how
can you get in?” “There is half a pane of glass gone from
this window,” replied Bob. Mitty had just stuffed the nut into her mouth
again when a drowsy voice spoke from the bushes.
“Do you think there might be a hole big
enough for me?” it said. “I simply must find
somewhere to sleep for the winter; I can
hardly keep my eyes open even now . . .” The words trailed off into a great yawn.
“I can see you,” said Bob-Robin from his
perch. “You are Dozy Headgehog. Your family
tucked themselves up for the winter in the
ditch by the wood a week ago.” “Yes, I know,” yawned Dozy. “I got shut
out while I was having a last feed of beetroots.”
“I’ve found a hole quite big enough for
you!” squeaked Mitty excitedly. “I’ve been in
myself and it’s marvellous. Do come in, both
of you!” “Look, look!” cried Mitty. “Someone had
just SQU-EE-EE-ZE through the broken window.
Away she whisked. Dozy found he could
just SQU-EE-EE-ZE through. Robin hopped
through the broken window.

a meal in here before it was shut up: here are crumbs of biscuit, cheese and bread—enough to last you and me for a long time, Bob. There is a beautiful bed of leaves in the corner for you, Dozy!"

"Oh yes," grunted Dozy happily, "and the place is full of insects."

"Come along, Dozy!" ordered Mitty Mouse. "Get into bed at once and I will tuck you up."

Dozy was so tired that he soon crept into the leaves and Mitty covered him so snugly that not a prickle-tip showed.



"Good night!" she cried. But there was no reply. That sleepy young hedgehog had fallen into Dreamland the moment his head touched the leafy pillow.

"S-sh!" she whispered.

Mitty tip-toed away.

Bob-Robin laughed. "No need to worry. Nothing will disturb old Sleepy-Head until spring comes again."

Mitty Mouse, who loved to be busy, bustled about, piling the crumbs up in a corner and she had eaten, down between the floor-boards.



Bob-Robin hopped outside to look at the weather.

What a cosy winter the three friends spent in their tiny house! Jack Frost and North Wind together made the earth hard and snowy; but through it all Dozy Hedgehog slept soundly in his leafy bed, while Bob-Robin and Mitty Mouse popped in and out if they felt inclined, returning to their snug home for the night.

When at last spring came again, bringing warm sun and bright flowers, Dozy Hedgehog woke from his long sleep. Then all three were glad to go into the gay garden; but, as they parted from one another, they all promised to meet again when autumn winds brought their chilly message that winter was coming once more. Then they hoped to spend the cold months together again in their dear little house!

NANCY D. STEVENS

GILLIAN LOWRY

We hear the village clock strike three
 And know it must be time for tea.
 But as we leave the swings we say
 "We'll come again another day!"

Higher up and soon I'll find
 The other swings are left behind.
 And all the park goes racing by
 As I swing up towards the sky!

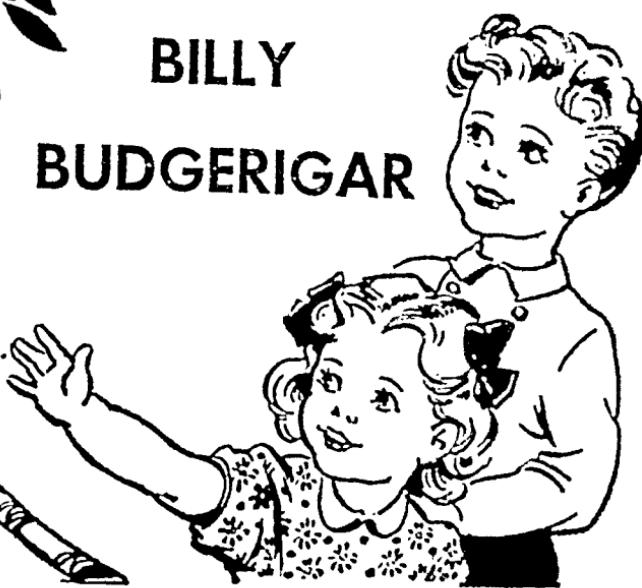
My swing goes up and up and then
 Comes flying swiftly down again.
 Swinging up and higher still,
 Soon I'll be as high as Bill.

We came down to the park to-day,
 My brother Bill and I to play.
 The sea-saw made us nice and tall,
 But we like swings the best of all.

SWINGING IN THE PARK



BILLY BUDGERIGAR



BILLY was a dear little blue budgerigar which Mummy and Daddy had given to the twins, Sally and Tony, for their birthday. They loved him very much, but they longed more than anything else to teach him to talk.

"Just like Mr. Simpson's parrot," said Tony.

"Hullo, hullo . . . say hullo!" coaxed Sally, but Billy only cocked his head and said nothing.

"Hullo! How are you?" cried Tony. Billy cocked his head the other way, but he still said nothing.



"I'm tired of trying," said Tony crossly.

"I don't believe he will ever say anything."

"I do wish he would," said Sally.

It was the next morning that the awful thing happened.

"Tony! Sally!" called Mummy. "Do you know where Billy is?"

"In his cage," began Sally as they ran into the room, then she stopped.

"The cage door is open!"

They both stood staring at Billy's empty cage on the window-sill—the door of the cage and the window were both wide open.

“You fed him, so you must have done it, Sally!” said Tony angrily.

Sally began to cry.

“Never mind whose fault it is,” said Mummy. “Perhaps someone will find him or he might come back.”

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Fulton were sitting by their window having tea when Mrs. Fulton said:

“Look, George, at that funny bird on the window-sill!”

“Shh, my dear,” whispered Mr. Fulton. “It's coming in.”

Billy, the budgerigar, hopped on to the table and began to peck cake crumbs. Mr. Fulton quickly closed the window.

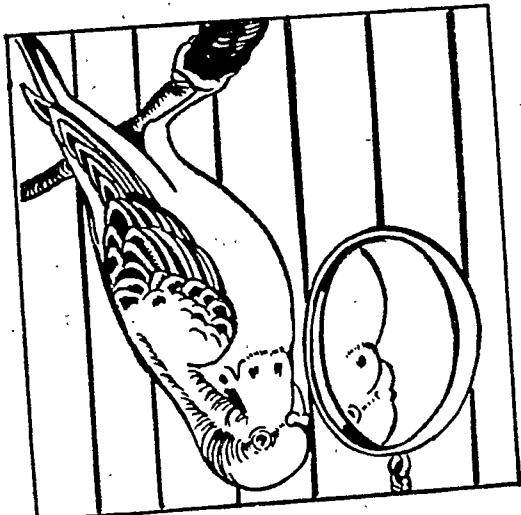
“Isn't he sweet!” cried his wife. “It must be someone's pet.”

“We had better put him in the old canary cage,” said Mr. Fulton. “I don't know how we shall find out who he belongs to.”

Just then the telephone bell rang. Mr. Fulton

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“What . . .” he began.
“Endford 123.”
Mr. Fulton was so surprised he put down the telephone and turned round. Was he dreaming?
“Well, I never!” cried Mrs. Fulton. “It’s that bird!” and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.
“No trouble to find out where he belongs,” said Mr. Fulton. “He has just given us his telephone number!”
Sally and Tony were going sadly up to bed.



There had been no news of Billy in spite of all the people they had asked.

Just then there was a knock on the door, and there on the doorstep stood a lady and gentleman carrying a bundle wrapped in a shawl.

"We have something of yours," said the gentleman, smiling as he put the bundle on the table.

When he took off the shawl there was a birdcage and in it . . .



C. M. DRURY

"Billy!" shouted Tony and Sally together.
"Hullo! Hullol Endford 123," said Billy
clearly, cocking his head on one side.
"He talks!" shouted the twins.
"Oh yes," said the lady, smiling. "We
thought you must have taught him. He told
us your telephone number, that is how we
knew where to bring him."

"Bedtime, children," said Billy with a little
chuckle.
"Just like you say it, Mummy," laughed
Sally.
"You must thank these kind friends for
bringing him back," said Mummy.
"Oh yes. Thank you!" cried Tony and
Sally together.

"It is lovely to have him back," sighed
Sally happily. "It was a good thing he got
out after all, or we might never have found
out that he talked."

Billy never got out again, but he talked
more and more every day.



TIGGY TAIL

TIGGY TAIL was a little grey rabbit. He lived beneath the roots of a horse-chestnut tree. His mother lived there too, and his father, and his three sisters and two brothers. They all called him Tiggy Tail because his tail was always twitching.

“He seems to wish that it belonged to someone else,” said his father.

“He’ll learn to use it one day,” said Mummy Rabbit, who was very fond of Tiggy, “and then he’ll not twitch it any more.”

One day Mummy Rabbit took all her children across the meadow, where the

horseshoe-tree grew, to a big field. It had a hedge all round it, and plants grew right across it. They were cabbages. The rabbits loved cabbages and they all nibbled at them until they were quite full up. Tiggy Tail was finished first. He went a little way around the field, hoping to find something interesting. He came to a gate which led into a wood. There was a little pool in there, and bushes with flowers on, and toadstools.



Tiggy put his nose just below the gate. He wondered if his mother would be *very* cross if he went into the wood. And then he saw a very frightening thing. There was a badger in the wood. He was eating his breakfast.

Now badgers are not at all friendly to young rabbits. In fact, they are very unkind and cruel to them.

Baby rabbits keep as far away from badgers as they can. Tiggy knew this, and he was terribly frightened. So he did something



WENDY WILKIN

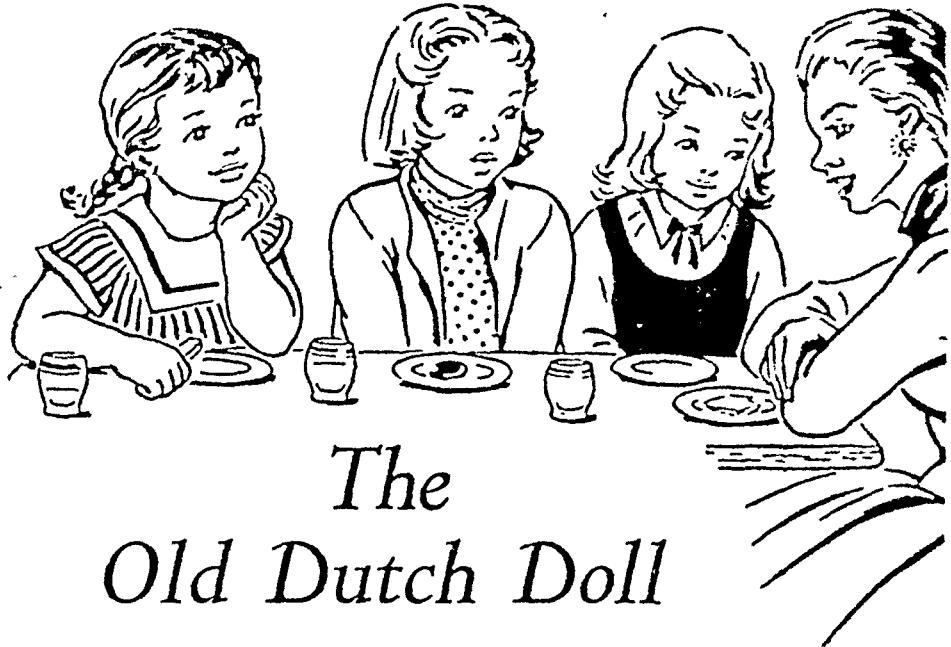
at he had never done before. He flipped his tail as high and straight as it would go. Underneath it was white, and when Iggy held it up like that, it looked like little white flag. Then off he ran, over the meadow and the horse-chestnut tree, his mother, through the hedge, back to Mummy Rabbit caught sight of his bobbing white tail as he went. She called to all her children and they all raced as quickly as they could after Iggy, back to the safety of their home.

Wendy Daddy Rabbit heard about it all he was very pleased.

"You've learned to use your tail at last," he said.

Iggy did not twitch his tail any more after that. And everyone stopped calling him Iggy tail.

They called him Tiggy Rabbit instead.



The Old Dutch Doll

AUNTIE MAVIS, who was quite grown-up, had kept every doll she had ever had. She had no little girls of her own to give them to, so they were put away in the old tin trunk which stood in a corner of the attic.

Judith, Marjorie and Ann were cousins. They were having tea with Auntie Mavis. As a special treat she had promised them that, after tea, they should all go up into the attic to turn out the old tin trunk.

One of the most exciting things about going up into the attic was climbing up the funny little ladder which could be let down from the

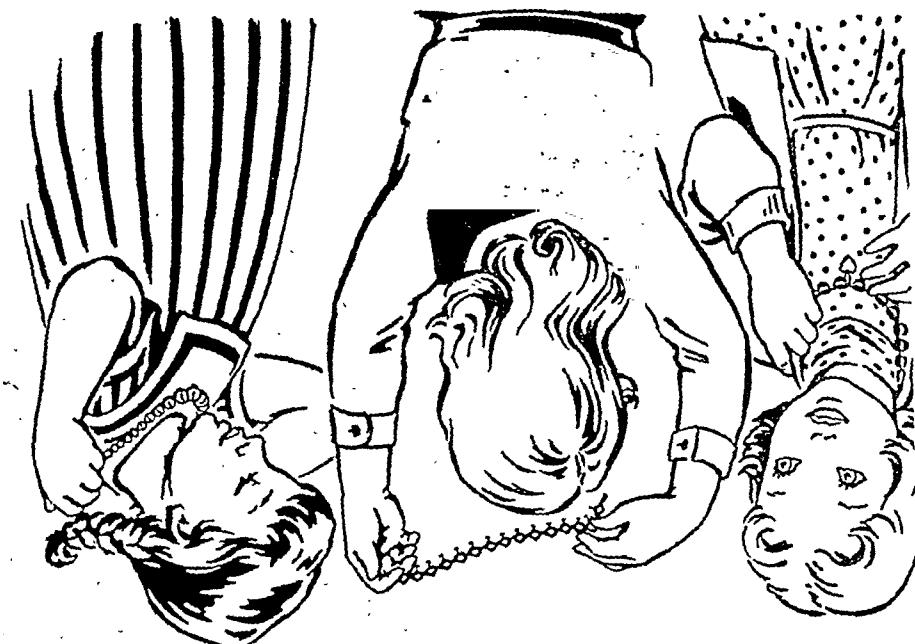
"A dress for each of you," said Auntie Mavis, pulling out some gaily-coloured silks. "A rose pink for Judith, a blue one for bead necklace.

Auntie Mavis gave each of the cousins a lovely were strings of gaily-coloured beads, and tucked away in odd corners of the trunk

just see what we have got in here." and lifting the lid of the old tin trunk. "We'll "Now," said Auntie Mavis, kneeling down

and the tin trunk stood in the corner.

ceiling of the spare room. The attic was large



Marjorie, and a cherry red for Ann, to match your necklaces. I will make you each a party dress, then you will look smart."

The next thing Auntie Mavis found was a pair of ballet shoes, which she gave to Judith. For Ann, who loved drawing, there was a large packet of drawing-paper, and for Marjorie, who was learning to knit, a large bag of knitting-wool in many gay colours.

"That's almost everything," said Auntie Mavis, "except for—THE DOLLS."

This was the most exciting moment of all,



“Oh, AUNTIE MAVIS! Aren’t they
cotton wool.
Auntie Mavis lifted layers of tissue paper and
them. They peeled eagerly into the trunk as
Auntie Mavis’s dolls, they had never seen
but though the cousins had heard all about
Never before had the children seen so many
different kinds of dolls. There was a baby doll
that opened and shut its eyes. A Japanese
doll, a rag doll, a fairy doll, a sailor doll, and
a very grand-looking French doll. There were
lots of other dolls as well—little, big and very
big—and tucked away in a corner of the trunk,
all by itself, was a Dutch doll. It was made
of wood, had only one eye, the paint on its
cheeks had run, and its face was chipped and
battered. It looked a very sad little doll indeed.
Auntie Mavis took the dolls gently out of
the trunk one by one, and laid them in a long
row on the floor.

“You may each choose a doll,” she said.
“One each. The others I will put away for
Mavis turned and looked at the children.
As she laid the last of the dolls down, Auntie
Mavis turned and looked at the children.

“Another time.”

For a moment the children didn't know what to say. Auntie Mavis was always full of lovely surprises, but this one was the best of all.

Judith spoke first.

"Please, Auntie Mavis, I would like the fairy doll—that is, if the others don't want it," she added, looking at Marjorie and Ann.

"Oh, no thank you," said Marjorie, pointing to the baby doll. "If I may have it, I would like the baby doll, then I can learn how to bathe and dress it."

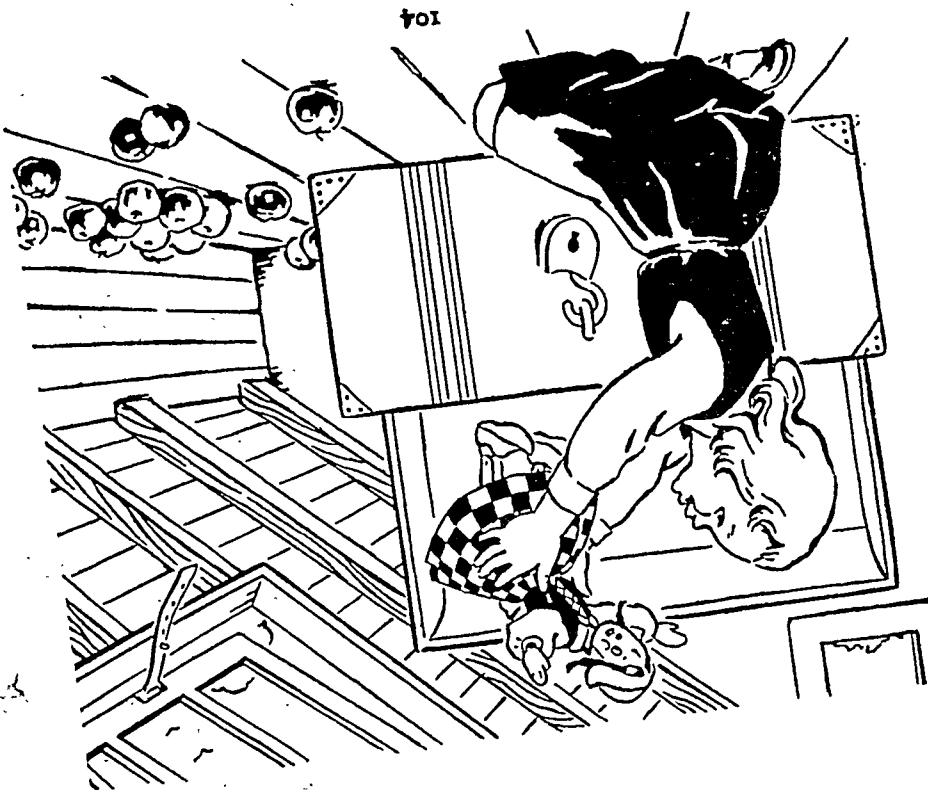
Auntie Mavis turned to Ann who had been gazing longingly at the French doll.

"I think you would like Suzanne," she said softly.

Ann turned quickly and looked eagerly at Auntie Mavis.

"Yes, please," she said. "The lovely French doll." Then suddenly she caught sight of the





poor battered-looking Dutch doll, whom no-one seemed to love. With another longing look at the French doll, she turned to Auntie Mavis and said:

"Please may I change my mind, Auntie?"

"I'd like to take the Dutch doll, for I think she needs a Mummy most of all,"

At last the little Dutch Doll found some-
body to love her.

DOROTHY M. SHEPPARD

YOU CAN DO IT



“O H, I wish I weren’t going to the party,” sighed Betty, as she walked slowly down the garden path.

“Well you do surprise me,” said a little voice and Betty saw the bright face of a tiny Pixie peering at her from a laurel bush. “I thought all children liked parties.”

“No I don’t like them one little bit,” went on Betty. “I’m shy and the boys and girls tease me and sometimes I’m afraid I cry.”

"Dear me," said the Pixie, "I shall have to change all that. I'd better come with you to this party. When do you go?"

"This afternoon—it's at Barbara's house next door."

"All right, I shall be there. Goodbye, Betty, see you later," and the Pixie flew away.

"Now, darling," said Mummy, as she was getting ready for the party that afternoon, "put on your sandals and do them up."

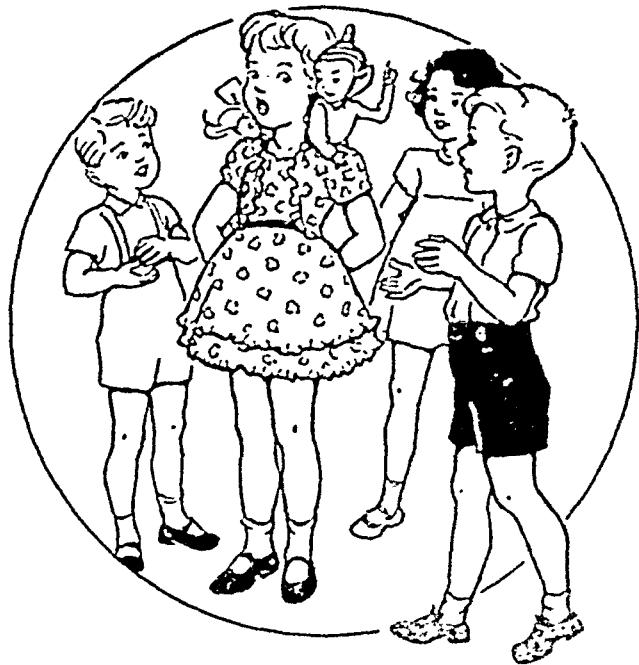
"Oh, Mummy, I can't, the buckles are so stiff," grumbled Betty.

"Why, Betty, of course you can do it," said Pixie, "What did I tell you?"

"Bravo!" said the Pixie. "What did I tell you?" Before Betty could answer the Pixie had flown away again.

"Oh dear," sighed Betty. "I thought the Pixie was coming with me to the party."

When Betty arrived at the party, the room was full of noisy chattering children, and Betty wanted to turn round and run home.



“I can’t stay here,” she thought, then she heard a little voice say, “Oh yes you can,” and to her joy she found the Pixie was on her shoulder once more.

“Now,” said Barbara, “everybody’s got to do something—sing, dance or recite. Betty, you’ve got to take a turn like all the rest.” Poor Betty turned bright red and she was just going to say “No, not me,” when again the little voice of the Pixie whispered in her ear. “You can do it, Betty.”

To her surprise she found herself singing a little song her mother had taught her.



“Jolly good, Betty,” shouted the boys and girls and they clapped their hands. How happy Betty felt; she joined in all the games and she was quite sorry when the party came to an end and Mummy called to take her home.

After breakfast next morning Betty ran down the garden to try and find the Pixie again. She wanted to thank him for helping her so much.

But although she searched in all the bushes, she could not find him anywhere, and she did not see him again. Betty did not forget the Pixie, however, for from that day, whenever she found herself beginning to say "Oh no, I can't," she would pretend the Pixie was on her shoulder, whispering, "Oh yes you can do it," and then her courage returned and she was able to do so many things. You try that too, sometimes, when you feel shy and afraid.

M. JOAN PIERCE

THE INVITATION

Isn't it exciting,
When you know the Fairy Queen?
And you get an invitation
To a party on the green.

She'll send her coach to fetch you,
And you'll feel very grand,
As, just like Ann and brother John,
You drive to Fairyland.

EUNICE CLOSE

So the toys climbed merrily on to the fire engine, and off they sped, gallantly ringing the bell.
 "Yes, let's!" said Teddy, clapping his paws.
 "I will drive!"
 "That will be fine fun."
 "Let us go on the fire engine," said Golliwog.
 One day the toys were invited to a party.

Spin and hum like he used to.



The Old
Humming Top

and was so unf
f asking him to

sleep. When he
would soon be
me back.

red glow in the

fire!" he cried.
agine is not here

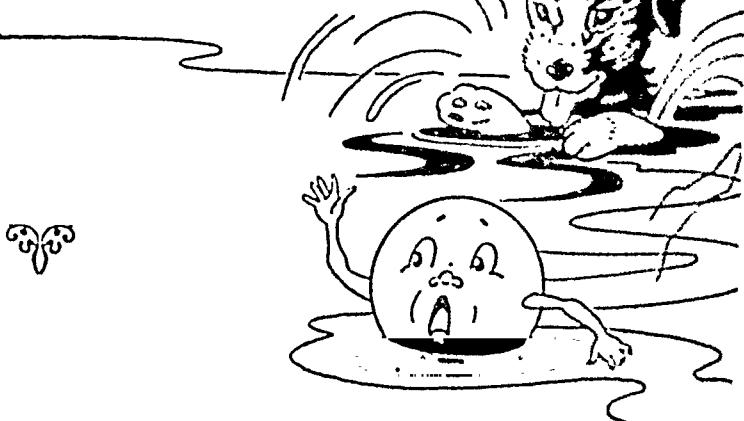
he had a bright
ook a deep breath



ROY BROWN

and then, for the first time for many a day
he began to spin. He spun and spun and
spun! The faster he spun, the louder was his
hum. Soon, the fire engine came rushing back
clanging its bell. The toys jumped off excitedly
“What is that noise?” they asked.
“It was me humming,” said the old toad
shyly. “The doll’s-house is on fire. Look at it
red glow in the window!”
“That isn’t a fire!” said Teddy Bear. “It
only the sunset shining on the window!”
“But that is a very fine voice you have,”
said Goldilocks. “I say, you fellows. I
us take the old top back to the party with us
then he can sing us a song.”
“A good idea!” cried the others.
So the old top sat on the fire engine with the
other toys, and what a lovely time he had!

ONE BOUNCE TOO MANY

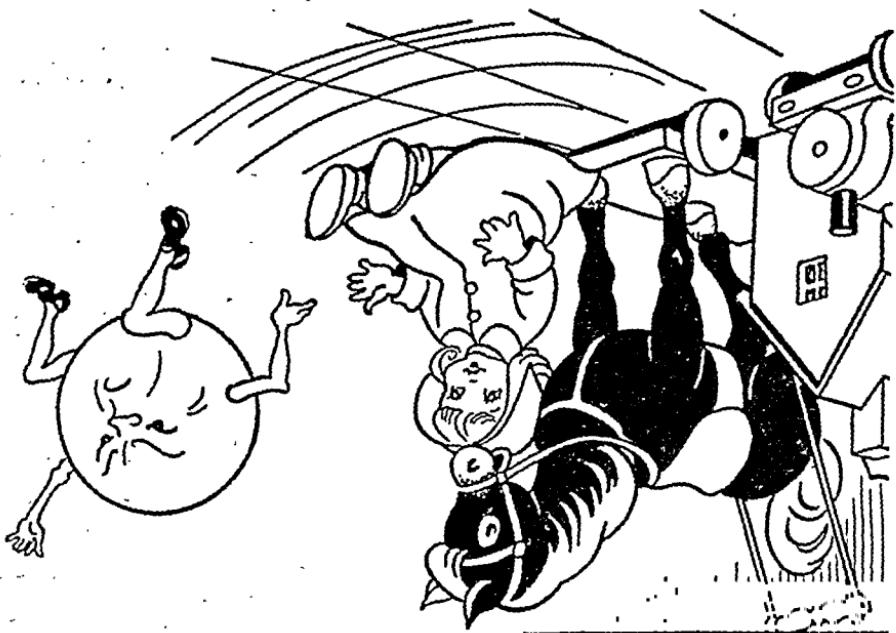


BOUNCER, the green rubber ball, was very cross. Bump! Bump! He bounced up and down and across the room. Bump! Bump! Bump!

“Just look at my nice green coat!” he cried, giving another angry bounce. “All scratched and licked by that horrid puppy, Nip. Nip indeed! I’d ‘nip’ him if he belonged to me!” And off he bounced again.

Georgie Golliwog, looking down from his shelf in the toy-cupboard, chuckled in his funny gruff way.

“Oho! Oho! You’ll be getting so many scratches too if you bounce much more!”



that won't be the puppy's fault. You're like a Chinese cracker popping off. Besides, Nip was only playing. He didn't mean to be unkind." "It's all very well for you to laugh, George. You couldn't bounce if you tried! You can't even walk since you lost the stuffing out of one leg!" retorted Bouncer.

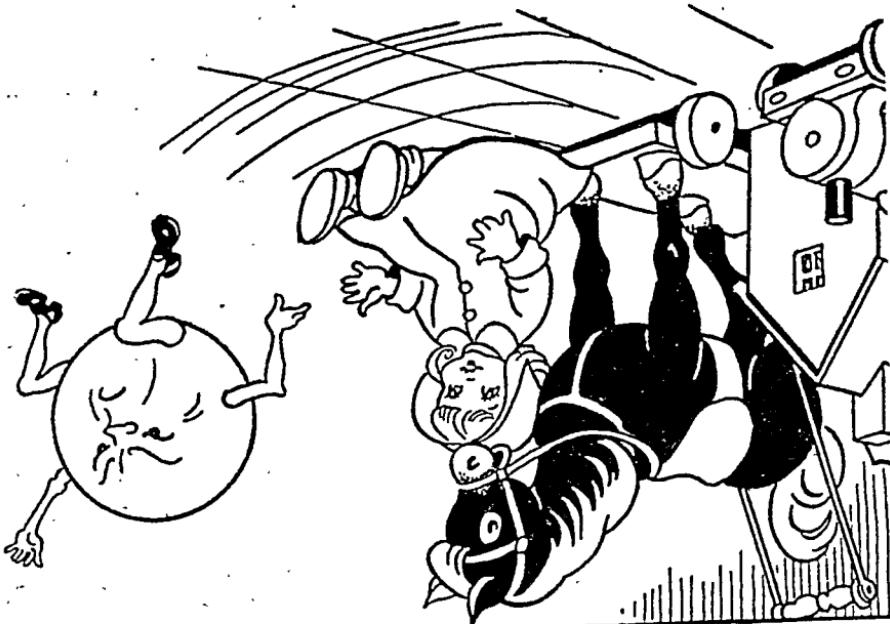


"Now then, now then, you boys. Don't start a quarrel," put in Benjamin the red balloon, from his place in the corner. "If anyone needs to grumble, I do: for I'm blown up so tightly I could burst! I wish Simon would let out some of my air. I should be more comfortable then."

Georgie Golliwog muttered something into his whiskers, and Bouncer rolled away under the table just as Nip, with the twins Simon and Susan, rushed into the room.

"Wow-wow-wow-wow!" barked noisy Nip, jumping up and down. "How do you do?"

"I'm going to take Georgie for a walk," announced Susan, giving the golliwog a hug.



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"I'm going to take Georgie for a walk," announced Susan, giving the golliwog a hug.

That cheered up George tremendously. "I'll take you as well, Nip," she went on. "Come along." "Wait for me!" called Simon. "I'll bring my red balloon; but I'd better let out some air first, or he'll pop." "Whis-h-h-h-h!" sighed Benjamin. That feels much more comfortable. "You'll do now," said Simon, and with the string of the balloon in one hand, and the green ball in the other, he hurried after Susan. Benjamin, much happier now, floated gaily over his head. "Wow-wow!" barked Nip as he flisked about. "This is all going to be fine fun. Wow-wow!" "I hope Simon will hold on to me tightly," thought Bounce, anxiously watching Nip out of the corner of his eye. When they reached the garden pond, Simon cried: "Watch, Susan!" and began to run round it, with Bounce still in his hand, and the red balloon floating merrily overhead. Nip raced along beside him. "Doesn't it look pretty?" shouted Simon.

But the next moment he had stumbled against a stone. The green ball was jerked away, and bounced off the path. With a plop it fell right into the water.

“Wow-wow-wow!” barked Nip. “Now what shall we do?”

“Oh dear! Oh dear!” cried Simon. “My ball is sailing farther and farther away!” And so it was; for a strong breeze was blowing Bouncer across the big garden pond to its deeper end.

“Oh dear!” said Simon again. “I shall never be able to reach it now.”

“Whatever is the matter?” asked Susan, almost out of breath with running. Simon pointed to Bouncer.

“Look!” he cried. “And the water is deep over there.”

Susan thought for a moment.

“I know what we’ll do!” she said at last. “Send Nip in to get it. He can swim.”

“Good dog! Good dog! Fetch the ball, Nip!” said Simon, pointing to Bouncer bobbing up and down. Nip wagged his tail.

“Wow-wow! All right!” he answered; and plunged straight in. Bouncer saw Nip

EUNICE CLOSE

Over my head, high up in a tree,
A beautiful blackbird is singing to me;
And these are the words he seems to say,
"Spring is here, so come out and play!"

THE BLACKBIRD

CHRISTINE SMITH

"I told you he didn't mean to be unkind," said George Gollumog when Bouncer told them all about Nip rescuing him that night. "I know you did," answered Bouncer, "and I didn't believe you then, but I do now!"

“Well done! Good little Tip!” said Simon and Susan together; and Bouncer was so delighted to be safe once more, and so grateful to his rescuer, that he forgot all about his scratches and how cross he had been with

coming, but he was so frightened of the water by this time that he felt quite pleased. Very gently the puppy took the green ball in his mouth, turned round, and swam quickly back to the shore; where he gave himself a tremendous shake.

From sight, he hopped off the nest and pushed his way through the reeds. When he reached the other side he found he was in a very large world indeed. There were great green spaces and very large hills, with horns, which were munching away at the grass. Denny looked at these animals in wonder for a few moments, and then began to move almost touching it when the cow turned its tail. Our little friend crept very close and was almost touching it when the cow turned its tail. The animal stopped chewing, opened its mouth and said very loudly and very angrily, "Moo-oo-ooo!" For a second poor Denny was much too frightened to move, and then he fled, his little legs moving like lightning and his wing flapping just as fast. He ran for a long way, until he felt the he was safe, then he stopped to regain his breath.



He had just settled down when a large red bird, looking very proud, caught sight of him. It took one look, then screamed, "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo!"

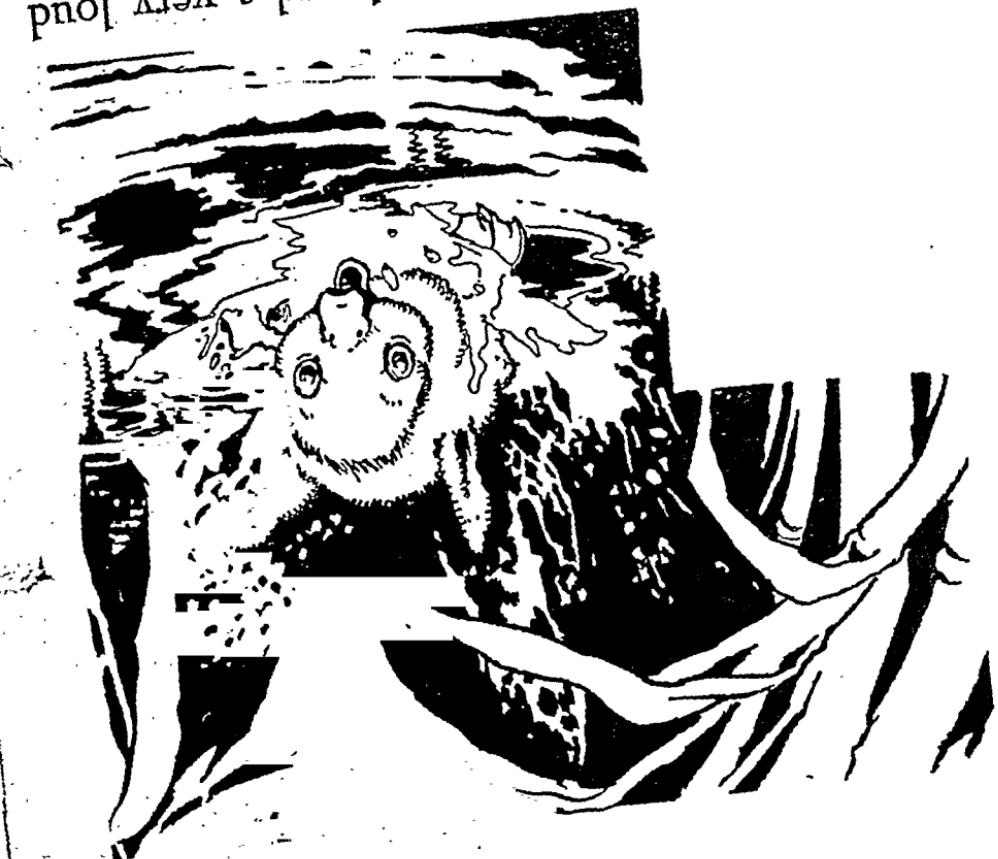
And again poor Denny was running as fast as his legs could carry him. He didn't ~~know~~ it, but this time he was running towards ~~the~~ pond, but it was so hidden by ~~reeds~~ ~~the~~ bushes that he could not see it. Just ~~before~~ he reached it, he stopped once ~~more~~, ~~as~~ he could not run another step.

He lay down, and he was just ~~beginning~~ ~~as~~

tall reeds.

"Honk! Honk! Aah! Honk!" You may be sure Denny did not wait to find out what kind of bird that one was. Rushing off again he made straight for the tall reeds.

was a huge white bird, hissing and crying, neck stretched out and great wings flapping. Three coming towards him, with its long noise behind him.



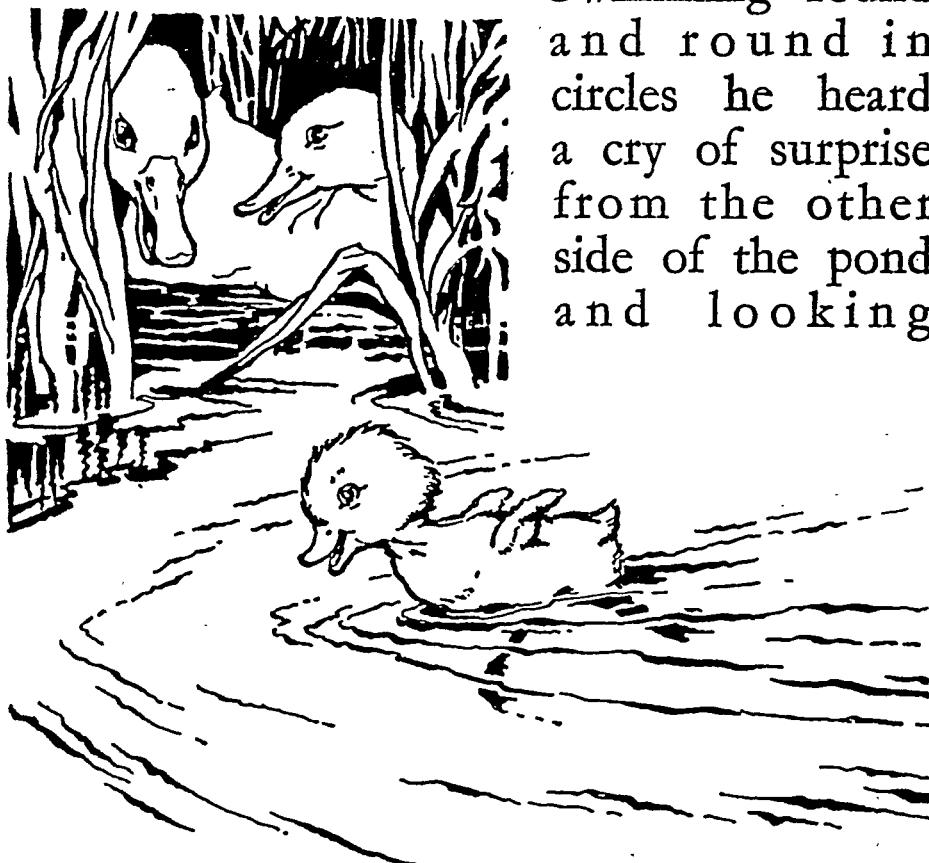
When Denny saw the stretch of water it was too late.

Splash!

He fell headlong into it.

The water was cold, but instead of sinking, as he had felt sure he would, Denny found he was floating on the little waves. Moving his feet he felt himself swimming, and soon he had forgotten all about the big white bird.

Swimming round and round in circles he heard a cry of surprise from the other side of the pond and looking



EUINCIE CLOSE

Why, he cuts up small and pops inside,
And if he feels tired or he wants to hide,
he goes.
For he takes his house with him whenever
He doesn't care if it rains or snows,
He lives in a house all brown and yellow,
Samuel Snail is a very fine fellow,

Samuel Snail

FLORA SMITH

indeed.
So Denry went home, a very happy duckling
for your dinner.”
said proudly. “You shall have an extra snail
“Well you are a clever boy,” his mother
just taught myself.”
“No one,” Denry said quite truthfully. “I
you to swim?”
“Why, Denry,” they cried, “who taught
at him in amazement.
across he saw his mummy and daddy starting

DANDY'S DREAM BUBBLES



THERE was once a very small elf whose name was Dandy and he lived in a wood on the edge of a common.

One day he was dozing in the shade of a large dock leaf when he was awakened by the sound of somebody singing. He sat up and yawned, and looked about him, and there, coming along the path, was an old, old man carrying a sack on his shoulders, and this is what he sang:

Dandy was wide awake now. He sat and listened more intently. This must be the old dream-seller who came to Sycamore Fair every year. Dandy had heard a lot about him from

And dreams to tuck you up in bed." Dreams of blue and dreams of red,
 Dreams for young and dreams for old,
 Dreams of silver and dreams of gold,
 I've got dreams to sell in my fairy sack.
 "What do you lack?"



the other woodland folk, but he had never seen him before. Now as he watched the old man walking along the path, he noticed something else. There was a hole in the sack, and each time the old man took a step, out fell a brightly-coloured bubble and burst on the ground. But that was not all! Where every bubble fell a flower sprang out of the ground. There were yellow flowers, and blue flowers, red and silver and gold flowers—a whole long



line of them along the path where the old man had walked. "Goodness me!" cried Dandy. "The old man does not know he is losing all his bubbles. I must run after him and warn him." By this time the old dream-seeker had stopped to rest under a tree. He saw the little elf come running towards him, and he shook his head. "I'm not selling any dreams at the moment," he said. "I was only practising my song ready for the Fair when it starts in the morning." "Please, sir," said Dandy timidly, "I haven't any come to buy a dream, because I haven't any money. I've come to tell you that there is a hole in your sack, and that you've been spilling bubbles all along the woodland path." "Spilling bubbles!" cried the old man in alarm. "They are my dreams! Oh, lack-a-day—lack-a-day—my sack is empty. Look, there isn't a single dream left. What shall I do? I won't have any dreams to sell at the Fair tomorrow, and all my old customers will be disappointed."

The old man was so very distressed that the little elf hardly liked to interrupt him. "Excuse me, sir," he said. "I can blow you

some more bubbles with my little acorn pipe
and some soapy water."

The dream-seller looked sternly at him.

"Can you blow coloured bubbles?"

"Oh no," answered the elf sorrowfully.

"Only plain grey ones, but they are quite
pretty."

"Who wants grey dreams?" retorted the old
man. "Run away with your silly suggestions,
you are just wasting my time. Alack—alack—
I may as well go back home again, but before
I do I'll just mend this hole—though why I
should bother when there is nothing to keep



The old man looked closely at the bubble mixture, then fiercely at the little elf—then he said. He took hold of the elf's tiny acorn pipe and he blew a large bubble. It was as shiny and as golden as a buttermilk. "I'll do it to please you, my little friend," he said. He took hold of the elf's tiny acorn pipe and he blew a large bubble. It was as shiny and as golden as a buttermilk. "Hooray—hooray, it does work!" the old man cried. "Open my sack, and pop it in, little elf. That is a dream for a brown bunny rabbit." The next bubble was as red and shiny as a holly berry. "That is a dream for little Robin Redbreast," said the old man. Next he blew a bubble that was as blue and gleaming as the summer sky. "And that is a dream for a butterfly," he smiled. He went on like this, blowing one coloured bubble after another, until his sack was full hoisted it up on his back, and off he went, hobbling along the woodland path, singing his dream song.

As soon as he had gone, the little brown elf hurried off home as fast as he could. You his dream song.

see, the old man had given him a silver bubble,
and Dandy wanted to get to bed so that he
could put the bubble under his pillow and dream
a beautiful silver dream.

BETTY E. SPENCE

Who Goes Fishing?

“It’s fun to go fishing!”
Cried Geoffrey and Jill.
“We’ll soon catch some fish
If we keep very still.”

“It’s fun to go fishing!”
A little duck said.
“But why should we bother
To stand on our head?”

“These kind little children
Have brought us our tea—
So come along, brothers,”
Quacked duckling, “watch me.”

CHRISTINE E. BELLAMY

“I do wish Daddy had said what was inside.”
“So do I,” said Tony, who was standing on a stool and staring at the box. “But look, Pat! What is that long word on the lid?”
“I do wish Daddy had said what was inside.”
had gone.

“What might break?” asked Pat when he is he went out again, “they might break.”
“Don’t touch,” he warned Tony and Pat the box on the table.

Pat justly smiled and went into the kitchen to put ran stopped and watched him eagerly, but he dump. The twins ran up as usual when the large cardboard box on his knees, and holding it carefully with both hands so it wouldn’t and returned from market, he was carrying a One Monday in spring, when Farmer Red- exciting presents wrapped in colored paper.

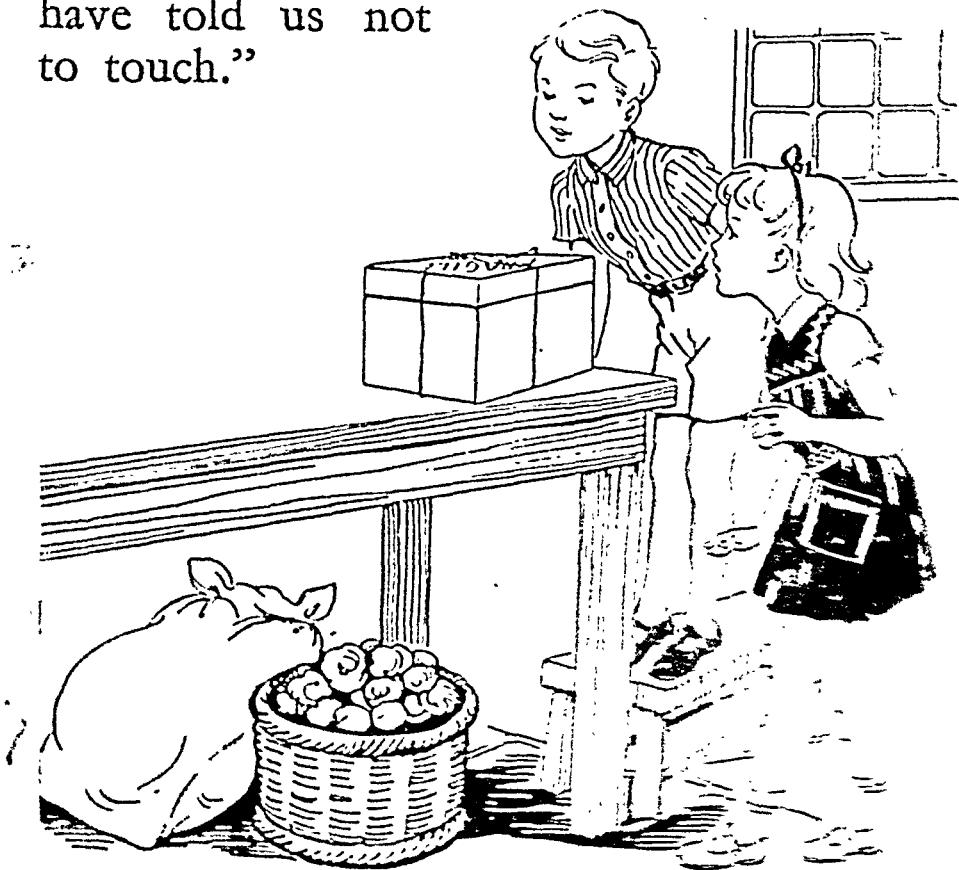
Daddy often had a bag of sweets for them, or wins always ran to see what they had brought. him to drive, and when they returned the week. He took Martin, the farmer-man, with and Farmer Redland went there every Monday was market day in the town,

FRAGILE—WITH CARE

Pat climbed up beside him. "F-R-A-G-I-L-E," she spelt out slowly. "'Fragile'—that's what it is—a box of 'Fragile'."

Tony looked thoughtful. "But what is 'Fragile'?" he asked at last. "Daddy never brought any of that before."

"I don't know what it is really," his sister replied; "but it must break easily, or Daddy wouldn't have told us not to touch."





Just then Farmer Redland came in again from the hen-house. "Daddy!" they shouted together. "What is 'fragile'?" "Ah!" he said with a smile. "Wait until I open the box—then you'll see." The twins leaned over the table, while Daddy cut the string. Then he took out a layer of straw, and in the bottom of the box, packed very carefully, were four of the largest eggs they had ever seen.

"There!" said Dad. "Aren't they beauties?"

With the twins one on each side; but as they walked across the yard Pat still looked rather puzzled. "I didn't know," Fraggle meant a box full of big eggs," she remarked. "Did you, Tony?" "No," replied Tony, shaking his head. "I didn't." But Dad only laughed.

Week after week Fluffy sat on the eggs to keep them warm, and once a day Farmer Redland took her a boxful of corn to eat and a dish of fresh water to drink. Then one morning there was a faint "tap-tapping" at the nest, listening carefully, while Fluffy soon took the way round and fell into two pieces, and out popped a fluffy little head. Then another shell cracked and another head appeared, and soon there were four lovely, soft birds in the nest. But they were not ordinary chicks. They were bigger than those Fluffy had before, their necks were longer, and they had funny webbed feet.

The twins were delighted. "Aren't they pretty?" they cried. "What are they, Dad?"

"They're ducklings," said Farmer Redland. "I thought you might like to have some this year."

"I'm sure Fluffy is proud of them," said Pat; "just listen to her clucking."

"Yes, and I like them too," said Tony. "I wish they were mine."

Farmer Redland smiled. "Well," he said; "if you will look after them until they grow up, you can have one each. Now, what do you say to a duckling of your very own?"



“Oh yes, please, Daddy,” they cried together.
“We’ll look after them.” And they ran back
to the kitchen as fast as they could.
“Mummy!” shouted Pat. “Fluffy has four
baby ducklings, and Daddy says I can have
the one with the black patch on its back.”
The ducklings grew bigger and bigger, and
every day Tony and Pat fed them in their little
pen and filled their dish with water. Then,



